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Week of February 1, 1942

Maid in America

by Henry Clive – Verses by Phyllis McGinley

No. 3—
The Colonial Miss

Observe the quaint Colonial girl
In full and panniered dresses,
With waving fan, coquettish curl,
And powder for her tresses.

By candle, not electric light
She plays the tinkling spinet.
The radio she'd hear with fright
And flee the devil in it.

She travels in a coach-and-four,
Nor dreams of flying Clippers.
And when the gales of winter roar
The hearthstone warms her slippers.

How strange it seems to us. And yet,
I think if we could hear her
When finished is the minuet
And one lad hovers near her,

His stammered words, her answers gay
With love and laughter laden,
Would sound the very same today,
Spoken by ANY maiden.

The Coverings of Old Quilts That Brought Six Cents a Pound 50 Years Ago as Rags Are Now Antiques and Worth as Much as Twenty Dollars a Square Foot.

When Most Antiques Were Just Junk

SOME 50 years ago, a Polish immigrant stopped his wagon at the door of a paper mill with a load of old rags. This man, named Milvetski, could weigh stuff on a scale, count money and knew about 100 words of English. He pointed to his load and said, "Got rag, want sell."

The mill officials looked his load over, found it all linen and cotton and offered him six cents a pound. Milvetski's eyes gleamed as he nodded. He had 1,000 pounds and that meant $60. The whole business had cost him only $30.

His countryman, who had rented him the horse and wagon, was right. In America a man could get rich quick. Milvetski would proceed to make a fortune from the rags and old iron that the crazy Americans sold to him for almost nothing.

These rags—old bed sheets, quilts, patches from the scrap box, old coverlets and fancy works of great age—were decrepit and mildewed. The sheets of homespun linen were thin, worn and yellow. The quilts were mostly just pads covered with "oil-boiled calico." That name was given to chintzes and doilies by our great grandmothers. Of course there were fancy pictures of Franklin, Washington, Lafayette, William Penn and others on these covers, but they were "old stuff" to that generation and besides they were now a dirty purple, orange or green. Away with them. They were junk.

Toss out, too, those old iron hinges, Franklin stoves, plates, lamps and candlestick. Follow them with those old fire irons, betsy lamps and the old tin dishes that looked so dirty. The young married couples of the Gay Nineties wanted modern stuff, not hand-me-downs from the Mexican War.

Today those six-cents-a-pound quilts are worth from one dollar to $20 a square foot. Some hand-wrought iron hinges are worth as much as $50 a set. Old box latches of brass are so valuable that even the cost of reproduction makes an architect shudder. Stove plates and Franklin stoves are worth several dollars a pound.

The junk of 50 years ago contained much that is prized today. But don't cry over it, the fun has just begun. Only in the antique business can you play both ends against the middle and win. The ends are represented by today and the date the antique was made. The middle is all that happened in between. Each year we can reap the rewards of what the junk men did in the middle years. For it is these junkies who gave us scarcity today when they bought their stuff for almost nothing and sold it for but little more. And they were just as well "plucked" as were those who sold to them. We are the winners—if we've got any of the stuff.

Twenty-five years ago those gobs of fancy glass with colored flowers and white curlicues that Grandma always kept on the parlor table were selling for 50 cents or less. Grandpa used one to weight down his Bible. Today it's a poor specimen that isn't worth $50. A book that has been written about these paper weights is priced at $10.

Those valentines that Grandmother had as a girl may, if you have preserved them in their original envelopes, be worth a small fortune because such symbols of high regard were mailed with local postage stamps on them. Authentic use of such stamps, on the original cover, gives them a value beyond belief. So the price may be $25, $50, $100 or $500. Today junk surely does pay off.

Recently a gentleman in West Virginia, exploring an abandoned tobacco factory, found a box full of old plug tobacco tags, the kind of tin labels with pictures on them. There were several pounds of this old stuff and now it is worth about a dollar an ounce. He might as well have found pure silver, for those tags some day will be in a museum.

A poor old soul, entering a bookshop, asked, "Mister, will you buy these nice old books?" When she walked out, she was richer by $500, for her "books" were worth one dollar per page. She had offered a three volume set of the "Cabinet of Natural History and Book of American Field Sports," published in Philadelphia in 1830-31-32 as a magazine. All the beautiful—and valuable—sporting prints were inside it. Any old sporting books are good if they are that old. Another rich prize to own or find is the U. S. Military Magazine, published by Huddy and Duval of Philadelphia. A complete run of this publication would probably bring twice as much as $500 at auction.

A little furniture catalog with pictures, published in 1856, came to light the other day and a price mark of $50 was immediately put on it. Many more must still be in hiding because they once were printed by the thousands and not all of them were thrown away as junk.

A catalog of a wholesaler of toys, printed in 1890, sold for two dollars the other day but the toys illustrated in it would now be worth ten times the prices paid for them 50 years ago.

Study your old cake moulds, china, glass, brass and iron. Look over your old books, catalogs, quilts, coverlets, samplers and paperweights. Don't try to find a buyer for stuff that looks old but isn't. Dealers can spot a fake quickly but they are hungry for real stuff. Read all about the things you have at your nearest public library in the books on antiques. Over 50 major subjects are covered. And there are many magazines on the subject.

Reckless Drivers Still Killing Americans By The Thousand

SOME startling facts recently released by insurance companies and by other organizations working to cut down the toll of this country's automobile accidents reveal that thousands of Americans haven't yet found out what a dangerous weapon an automobile can be or how to drive so that they don't put themselves and their fellow citizens in the hospital—or the morgue.

The records show that more fatal automobile crashes occur in clear weather than during rain, fog, or snow. That is because drivers have learned to fear adverse weather conditions, so they drive with more caution.

Many drivers, after an accident, insist that the gas pedal stuck, the steering mechanism suddenly became defective, the brakes failed or something else went wrong. Actually, from 93 to 95 per cent of all vehicles involved in accidents are apparently in good condition with no major defects in steering, braking or lighting.

Motorists between the ages of 18 and 24 contribute much more than their share to fatal automobile accidents. Recent figures indicate that the most dangerous ages are 18 and 19, and that drivers under 20 and over 60 have the highest accident rates.

Anytime a driver brags that he "can stop on a dime," someone should tell him to hurry and get his brakes adjusted. These brakes are altogether too good and sometime will probably toss him right through the windshield. Tests have shown that brakes should be so adjusted that they will bring the car to a stop from a speed of 20 miles an hour in 20 to 30 feet. The Uniform Vehicle Code specifies 30 feet, and various states prefer distances between 18 and 30 feet.

The 475,000 Americans who have been killed in traffic accidents in the last 16 years is a figure nearly twice the total of the American soldiers killed in action or by wounds in the seven major wars in which this country has engaged.

A Driver Who Hits a Stone Wall While Traveling at a Speed of 50 Miles an Hour Might Just as Well Drive His Car Off the Top of an Eight-Story Building.

To measure the hazards in driving at various speeds, experts on accidents have developed what they call the "danger unit," which measures stopping distance, roll over, vertical fall and turning radius. Under average conditions the distance a motor car moves after its driver has decided to make an immediate stop varies as the square of its speed.

A "danger unit" equals 35 to 40 feet of stopping distance. A car traveling at 25 miles per hour can be stopped in this distance, while in stopping from 50 miles per hour it will travel between 140 and 160 feet, the equivalent of four "danger units." Nearly one full danger unit is added when the speed of a car is increased from 45 to 50 miles per hour. In the event of too sharp a turn, a car will sometimes roll over once for each "danger unit" it carries. It may roll over once at 25 miles per hour, twice at 35, and perhaps nine times at 75 miles per hour.

Only in the luckiest accident can the driver cling to the inside of the rolling car as it does its three turns at 45 miles. Striking a solid object at 25 miles per hour will do a car about the same damage as if it had been driven off a two-story building. Hitting a stone wall at 50 miles an hour will be just as serious as if the vehicle had dropped from four times two stories, or eight stories. Each added "danger unit" also causes a car to require a longer turning radius. A car can make only one-quarter as sharp a turn at 50 miles as at 25 and one-tenth as sharp a turn at 75 as at 25 miles. This fact that a vehicle can be turned very little at high speed causes many accidents on curves and when passing other cars.

"Catching up with the undertaker" is the name sometimes given to the deadly little game of flouting auto laws. "Exceeding the speed limit" heads the list and nearly equals all the other driving sins put together. In 1940, no less than 9,600 speeding drivers successfully played the undertaker game, an increase of 36.5 per cent over the previous year, and nearly a quarter of a million others caught up with the ambulance.

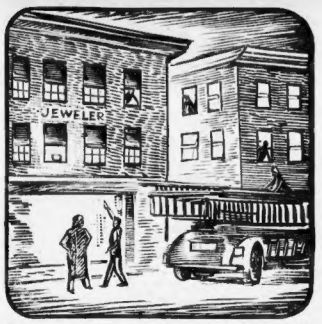
Although there is only about one fourth as much traffic on the roads at night as in the daytime, nearly 60 per cent of all traffic accidents occur after dark. When the sun goes down, speed must be cut down, also.

Probably there always will be drivers who maintain that one highball or cocktail, or two glasses of beer, will not impair his or her driving ability. On the contrary, the "one-drink" driver may be as dangerous on the road as the inebriate because even a slight exhilaration may cause him to take fatal chances. One or two drinks definitely impair one's driving ability.

The "typical accident driver," according to one booklet, is a man, somewhere between 25 and 64, who has had a year or more of experience at the wheel. His accident occurred in clear weather and on a road unspoiled by moisture, snow or ice. His car was in good condition, and wasn't engaged in turning, backing or starting, but was simply driving straight ahead on an open road, either speeding between intersections, or becoming suddenly aware where two streets or highways cross. The mishap occurred late in the afternoon or early evening on Saturday or Sunday, and he was piloting a private passenger car and not a truck, bus, or taxicab.

On an "average accident day," 85 persons were killed and 1,406 others were critically injured, one or more accidents occurring in each of our 48 states. Ohio, on that day, happened to have 10 deaths and 147 non-fatal injuries, and California, on the other hand, only two deaths and 35 injuries. The wave of these accidents began shortly after midnight, then subsided until the early daylight hours. It steadily gathered momentum throughout the day, reached its peak during the early evening from seven to eight p. m. with 21 killed and continued until midnight.

The fact that 35,000 persons were killed and 1,320,000 were injured in traffic accidents in 1940 is truly shocking, but cold statistics seem unable to make human beings more careful. But if the story on each little colored card in the statistician's files, bearing the name of a dead boy or girl, baby, parent or sweetheart, could in some way be made real, it would help convince us all that next month or next year, one of those little cards might represent you or me, if we aren't more sensible.



The Frantic Jeweler Couldn't Convince the Lieutenant That He Really Had a Pot of Gold and Was Advised to Find Some Elves to Help Him

Arrested For Wanting His Own Pot Of Gold

IF THE Montreal Fire Department had been neighborly about the whole thing and had lent the worried Herve Turcotte the ladder he asked for, everything would have been all right. But when it stubbornly refused, he decided that he could be stubborn, too, so he turned in a fire alarm.

When the firemen answered his summons, they had one of their own made out, unawerable in police court for turning in a false alarm. All of which added to Mr. Turcotte's worries.

As he had done every morning for years, Mr. Turcotte, a 44-year-old jeweler, went to his office on this day and started work. It was Saturday and from his second floor window he could see shoppers crowding into nearby stores.

The jeweler opened the window, sniffed the bracing air, rolled up his sleeves and went to work. He whistled an old French nursery rhyme, "Clair de Lune," as he heated the small artisan's stove at his work bench, a tune he had often sung to the eight little Turcottes with which his good wife had presented him. He was at peace with the world.

He took a small and valuable bar of gold, dropped it into a pot on the stove, and watched it melt. Then he put it on the sill of the open window to cool.

Suddenly the telephone rang. Mrs. Turcotte was calling to ask her dear Herve to hurry into the market next door to the special sale on food staples before the other shoppers beat him to the best selections. Like a good husband Mr. Turcotte said he would, put on his coat and dashed down the stairs. When he got outside, he looked up at his office window automatically and stopped dead in his tracks. On the window sill, just 12 feet above him, was his pot of gold, still cooling.

Chiding himself for such carelessness, he rushed back upstairs. As usual, he had slipped the door catch before he left, locking it. He reached for his keys. Then he remembered. He had laid them on his work bench.

A quick visit to the building superintendent's office on the ground floor revealed that he had left for the day, taking the pass keys with him. The now panicky Turcotte tried to figure out his next step. He could not get into his office and the pot of gold must not remain unguarded. It was too risky to leave it while he went home for a duplicate key for, while the contents could not be seen from the street, the odd shape of the pot itself hinted that its contents were valuable—especially since "jeweler" was lettered above the opened window.

Cold chills ran up and down Mr. Turcotte's spine at the thought. A good bit of his capital was invested in that melted gold, which was to be fashioned into rings, bracelets, chains and jewelry settings now increasingly difficult to obtain. And, because of one careless second here, he was in danger of losing it all.

Turcotte surveyed the front of the building. It was too smooth for him to climb. He had a wild thought of asking a passing motorist to drive his car up on the sidewalk as the sill could be reached from the roof of a car but he abandoned it almost immediately. Other cars, parked bumper to bumper along the curb proved too formidable. The obvious solution was to get a ladder and climb up. But finding even a modest 12-foot one, wasn't so simple as it appeared when he frantically tried to borrow one in nearby stores.

Then Turcotte had an inspiration. The firehouse just two blocks away had plenty of ladders. So he ran over and breathlessly asked if he could borrow one for a few minutes to remove a pot of gold from his window sill.

A fire lieutenant calmly surveyed the excited jeweler. "A pot of gold, indeed," he said. "You pick a fine time for practical jokes."

The jeweler protested that he really had a pot of gold, and was in danger of losing it.

"Sure," said the fire lieutenant, mistaking the wild light in Turcotte's eyes. "I've got a pot of gold, too. It's right at the end of the rainbow and I don't need a ladder to reach it. Now be a good lad and go out and play."

He thinks I'm crazy, Turcotte said to himself in exasperation. Well, if he couldn't go to get the ladder, maybe the ladder would come to him. Whereupon he went to the corner and turned in a fire alarm.

A few minutes later when the fire trucks raced to the front of his building and began looking for the non-existent fire, the lieutenant recognized the jeweler and grabbed him.

"You again, eh?" he said. "Well, don't say that I didn't warn you," and Turcotte was handed a summons for turning in a false alarm.

Shortly thereafter when his case came before Judge Jules Desmarais of the Sessions Court, the prosecutor, Lucien Beliveau, argued that Turcotte had known that there was no fire and had caused the firemen to come to his establishment in the belief that there was a fire.

His Honor had the same opinion, pointing out that the jeweler had tried to use the fire department for his personal use.

"I find him guilty," said Judge Desmarais. "As to the sentence, well, there are the circumstances to be considered."

While the judge was considering these circumstances, Turcotte got back his pot of gold.

Why Playing Magician Makes Some People Saner

THE comparatively recent development of psychiatry has made many radical changes in the treatment of people suffering from mental diseases. Some doctors have experimented with music and have found out that certain kinds of melody are of great benefit to neurotics who have a tendency to be violent. They also discovered that spirited music has a beneficial effect on the brains of certain types of melancholia.

The walls of asylums and sanitariums have been expertly and experimentally tinkered with to find out what effect, if any, different colors have on various types of mental illness. Although these interesting experiments are still going on, a few definite conclusions already have been reached—that reds and oranges are inflaming and exciting to unbalanced people and that soft blues and greens are quieting.

These Little Tricks Help Inflate the Neurotic Patient's Sick Ego.

Now Dr. Douglas B. Kelley, a psychiatrist at the University of California, has discovered that certain types of insanity respond to magic, in a manner of speaking.

Neurotics, introverts and depressed patients are taught a few simple sleight-of-hand maneuvers with cards, coin and string. They are induced to perform these easy tricks of magic for the amusement and mystification of their fellow patients.

This unusual treatment, according to Dr. Kelley, inflates the ego of the introvert and encourages him to express himself and feel more important. The appreciation of an audience makes him saner.

It is not always easy to get the mentally ill to attempt the simplest tricks of magic, but once they have become interested in the game—and their fellow patients ask to have the illusions explained to them—they are forced into the limelight, in a small way, in spite of themselves.

Step by step they are induced to learn more difficult tricks which require more explanation which further inflates their ego and brings them around to a much more normal state of mind.

The California psychiatrist is a wise man and knows better than to let his extroverted patients become amateur magicians. Most of these mentally sick people already have a distorted and over-developed sense of their own importance and an opportunity to show off would only increase their abnormality. The same is true of those unfortunates who have a persecution complex.

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Curious Heart Problems of a Rich Doctor's Home

One Lady Says She Is Married to the Fashionable Fifth Avenue Physician, But Even Though She May Think She Is His Honest-to-Goodness Wife, He Says She Isn't And That the Famous Painter He Married Is

Bachrach Photo

Jane Peterson Philipp McCarthy, Who Is Standing Ominously on the Sidelines While Her Husband and the Woman Also Claiming to Be His Wife Battle It Out.

Together, the Nurse's and Doctor's Suits Picture a Wife Congratulating Another Woman on Marrying Her Husband.

The Former $45-a-Week Children's Nurse, Who, Calling Herself Mrs. Rodney Macke McCarthy, Is Now Giving the Doctor's Home Life Its Second Legal Airing.

Margaret Huntington Smith McCarthy, Who Gave the Doctor His Nestegg and His Patients a Chance to Learn as Much About His Private Affairs as He Knew About Theirs.

1941

Dr. James S. McCarthy, Society Physician, Whose Marriages Have Yielded a Financial Profit But a Publicity Loss.

DR. JAMES S. McCARTHY, fashionable Fifth Avenue physician, seems to be medicine's gift to Society gossip.

Doctors as a rule share with the clergy a certain immunity to prying eyes and tongues. Patients entrust their darkest secrets to them and in return receive, not similar juicy confidences, but only sage advice and prescriptions.

Dr. McCarthy, through no wish of his own, is a notable exception to this rule.

When curiosity about his private life reaches a peak, along comes a lawsuit that reveals all.

In the past fifteen years, he has filled the husband's shoes in two financially Grade A marriages, both to widows, one grass and the other sod. Both aroused a great deal of interest, gossip and speculation among Social Registerites.

The first has already been opened up to public view and now the veils are being legally torn from the second.

When the previously twice-divorced Standard Oil heiress, Margaret Huntington Smith, who was the doctor's second wife, died back in 1929, there ensued a will fight so sensational that in order to spare the principals further embarrassment the trial was finally halted and a settlement arrived at privately.

Before that, Margaret Smith's daughter by an earlier marriage had charged that the doctor had encouraged her mother's fondness for alcohol, thus speeding her death and securing for himself the bulk of her estate—all of which the doctor denied.

Following the settlement, which allowed the daughter $1,000,000 instead of the $200,000 the will had bequeathed her, Dr. McCarthy remained in semi-obscurity until his wedding to the society painter, Jane Peterson, a decade later. Thanks to the death of her previous husband, Bernard Philipp, an international lawyer, she too was an heiress, worth about $5,000,000.

The doctor had inherited a similar amount from Margaret Smith, so they had a lot in common. Nevertheless, gossips immediately set the match down as one worth watching, and since then there have been pointed references in chit-chat columns to the fact that the couple was seen more often apart than together.

But there was nothing very definite to go on until a few weeks ago when history repeated itself in the form of another bombshell lawsuit.

In the earlier one, the wife, being already dead, did not suffer; in this, unfortunately, it looks as though everybody would, because they are all alive.

The current suit is being brought by a former $45-a-week children's nurse, who, calling herself Mrs. Rodney Macke McCarthy, says that she has been steadily married to the doctor since 1931.

There are a number of bizarre features to her action, not the least of them being the bland way in which she ignores the aristocratic Jane.

As far as Mrs. Rodney Macke McCarthy, or Wife B, is concerned, it appears that Mrs. Jane Peterson Philipp McCarthy, or Wife A, simply does not exist at all—unless the following remarks from her recently filed affidavit can be taken as a backhanded reference to her rival:

"About this time also, the defendant (the doctor) acquired the habit of checking up the financial status of wealthy women, more particularly widows of outstanding men of known financial success, even though they were total strangers to him.

"He did not hesitate to contact any one of them if he thought her financial statement indicated a large enough fortune. In at least three instances to the specific knowledge of this plaintiff, this remarkable procedure was employed with astonishing results."

Since Rodney just leaves it at that—with three anonymous widows all dangling in the air—it's anybody's guess whether she is implying that the ex-Mrs. Philipp is one of them.

And, owing to this same lack of specific detail, her case poses and then leaves unanswered the interesting question of how a wife is supposed to act when her husband up and marries another woman.

One would imagine that if she knew anything about it at all she would make a terrific scene and then run to consult a lawyer. But Rodney does not say that she participated in any such scene, and this is the first legal word out of her since the shattering event occurred in August, 1939.

Moreover, in view of the gossip and wide interest which attended the doctor's marriage to A, it seems hardly likely that B could have been in ignorance of it.

So one turns from the latter's affidavit with the feeling that there are some inexplicable holes in it. The doctor, in his spirited rejoinder, undertakes to fill in these holes, describing her reaction to the bad news and subsequent behavior at some length.

Confessing to a friendship with Rodney considerably antedating his engagement to the opulent Mrs. Philipp, he says:

"Some months before I married my present wife, Jane McCarthy, I told the plaintiff (Rodney) that I intended to marry my said wife. Plaintiff made no objection at that time.

"Later, the plaintiff met my present wife, Jane McCarthy, shortly after our wedding on August 2, 1939, and became very friendly with her. At that time, my wife and I resided at my Summer home in Blue Hill, Maine, and the plaintiff lived at a hotel in Bar Harbor, Maine. Plaintiff was registered at this hotel under the name of Rodney Macke.

"When plaintiff met my wife, the plaintiff congratulated her and soon thereafter gave a party in her honor. This was eight years after the plaintiff claims I married her."

So if Rodney is correct in her assertion that she was the doctor's spouse at that time, we have the curious picture of one woman, saying in effect to another: "I hope you and my husband have a wonderful married life together"—a sentiment which might prove baffling to even that mistress of delicate situations, the esteemed Emily Post.

"After this first meeting between my wife and plaintiff," Dr. McCarthy continues, "the plaintiff came to visit us and on December 6, 1939, when we had a large wedding reception which was attended by more than 500 people, the plaintiff came at the invitation of my wife."

The warmth and cosiness of this three-cornered relationship extended on into the following Summer. Back in Maine, he declares they played tennis and Chinese checkers (in whose intricacies they may have found some release from their own), and the two ladies went on frequent shopping tours together.

Then the cold hand of reality reached out and touched the idyl—at least, Rodney says that all of a sudden she found that she was going to become a mother.

Apparently it was this unexpected development, and its attendant complications, including, she asserts, a threat on the doctor's part to solve them by killing her, that prompted her to make her curiously long-delayed visit to a lawyer, John J. Antus, of 25 West 43rd St., New York.

"My husband deliberately deserted and abandoned me to my own devices after I told him that I was going to have his child," she says. "I am in a delicate state at the present time, living alone, while the defendant has adopted an attitude of indifference and even belligerence toward me."

Which, of course, implies that before that they had been contentedly living together as man and wife, Jane or no Jane. Indeed, the rest of her affidavit consists of a circumstantial account of that lengthy period.

"I met Dr. McCarthy," she declares, "after the death of the second Mrs. McCarthy (Margaret Smith) in 1929. Our relationship for over a year was friendly, cordial and pleasant. I had been a graduate nurse and had more than enough professional engagements to earn a most comfortable living, to travel and to enjoy life generally.

"After we entered into our marriage relation in the State of New York on or about May 15, 1931, I gave up nursing and devoted myself exclusively to Dr. McCarthy. He was and still is a wealthy man, and up to a certain period in his life, I have every reason to believe that the doctor must have been a sober, industrious and admirable citizen.

"But after receiving his large inheritance his character appeared to make quite a change. He gave up his medical practice and engaged almost solely in riotous living. He began drinking very heavily and betting very heavily on horse races.

"He would bet as much as $2,500 on just one horse in a race. He lost his money most of the time. He developed a following of race-track touts, who would come to our living quarters, would telephone him constantly, sell him tips on the races and were a constant annoyance day and night.

"In 1933, the defendant became ill, due apparently to various excesses. He began to take dope or drugs in ever increasing quantities. Probably the defendant's ardor for me by this time had cooled, for he now was requiring the services of many other women."

What is the answer to the riddle of this suit? Dr. McCarthy has wasted no time in search of complicated explanations. He says the whole thing is very simple: he never married the woman in the first place and all she is doing now is trying to threaten him. Moreover, he denies both that he is the father of her impending child, and everything else she charges him with.

"The plaintiff is merely using her position as a former friend to obtain money from me," he declares. "She had threatened me in the past, the last time just prior to the commencement of this action.

"Had I acceded to her last demand, this action would never have been instituted, but I decided that the issue had to be finally settled and forever, and therefore I refused to comply with her demand that I either pay $300,000 or else she would go to any means to get it.

"In the past I did give her property of considerable value. On January 4, 1940, I gave her shares of Standard Oil of Indiana and Standard Oil of New Jersey (shades of Margaret Huntington Smith!—Ed.), the value of which stock was at the time $100,000. Each time she threatened me and each time it was going to be the last demand."

Nor did he forget to mention the fact that in 1933 Rodney had been involved in a suit about as sensational as the struggle over Margaret McCarthy's will. Representing herself to be at that time an unmarried widow, he says, she sued Charles Weisbecker, a grocery magnate, for $561,000, charging breach of contract.

According to her statements in that suit, Weisbecker's jealous wife had had a gardener throw acid at her, and the $561,000, of which she had collected a few installments of $15,000 each, had been promised her for life, provided she would not expose the matter in court.

As in the case of the will fight, this suit too was settled privately.

The only county not yet heard from in the present action is Jane Peterson Philipp McCarthy. Neither she nor the lawyer whom she has hired to protect her interests have maintained anything as yet but an ominous silence.

Meanwhile, Justice Charles B. McLaughlin, of the New York Supreme Court, has denied Rodney's application for temporary alimony and counsel fees. While no doubt disappointing, this will not prevent her from asking a jury to examine what is left of the doctor's private life.

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1—Doihara and Yoshiko First Met When She Vamped Her Way Past His Guards and Impudently Demanded a Chance to Work in His Infamous Kem Pei Tai. He Had Her Thrown Out.

2—Three Days Later She Was Back Again, Disguised as a Chinese Rickshaw Man. "I Still Want to Work for You," She Said. Doihara Was Impressed.

3—He Found in Yoshiko Both a Sweetheart and a Woman of Action Capable of Any Treachery in Behalf of Japan.

4—Her First Mission, to Terrorize Prince Pu-yi Into Accepting the Throne of Manchukuo, Began With a Bomb Planted in a Basket of Fruit.

5—Next the Prince Found a Deadly Coral Snake in His Bed, Put There by Yoshiko, Who Had Gained Access to the Royal Household.

The Japs' and His

Keystone View Co.

Lieut.-Col. Kenji Doihara, Whose Plump, Funny-Looking Face Masks the Sinister Brain That Directs Japan's Kem Pei Tai, or Army Intelligence, on Its Missions of Corruption, Treachery and Horror.

Exotic Yoshiko Kawashima, the Spy Master's Right-Hand "Man," in the Robes of a Manchu Princess, Which She Really Was Before She Sold Her Body and Brain to the Nipponese.

By JOSEPH GOLLOMB

AT the outbreak of Japan's war on us the papers reported that Lieutenant Colonel Kenji Doihara, of the Japanese Army General Staff, was on active duty at the Malay front.

Which meant that Kenji was active indeed—but thousands of miles away somewhere else, directing his army of spies in the garb of coolies, dentists, drug peddlers, file clerks, college professors, pickpockets, prostitutes and priests, street sweepers, cabaret singers, hospital orderlies and what not. A motley but closely co-operating cohort, sometimes as many as twelve thousand for a single enterprise.

If to the western mind even the humbliest Japanese waiter in our midst is a mysterious figure, Kenji Doihara is certainly a creature hard to make credible.

Kenji is the spy master of Japan, head of the Kem Pei Tai, or Army Intelligence, and whatever the papers may say of his present activities his real doings will be news not before six months to a year from now.

A good guess however is that today, as in the past, he is sowing his kind of crop in fields that belong to nations Japan hopes to conquer.

When he wears the military cloak of his rank he looks mildly funny, like a short, fattish boy in a soldier suit. His bright brown eyes and plump face seem bewildered and his Charlie Chaplin mustache looks put on.

But when he shaves his mustache and sometimes much of his head and puts on any Japanese costume, peasant or prince, the color of his personality melts magically into whatever it is he wants to impersonate. He weighs about 145 pounds when he is not on some assignment of espionage, but he has been known to take off or put on as much as thirty pounds in a month, according to the role he means to play. Japanese are in the main poor linguists but Doihara speaks twenty different Chinese dialects and seven European languages, slang and intonation, gestures and all.

He is a charter member of the Black Dragon Society, that organization of fanatic Army and Navy officers that has maneuvered Japan into every territorial grab in its history since the Russo-Japanese War, which they brought on, and as I wrote recently they have murdered almost every premier and notable who opposed their fierce drive for Japanese mastery over all Asia and the Pacific.

Kenji first emerged into world prominence in 1931, when Manchuria was still China. A stubby, excitable man, hugging a well-worn portfolio and peering through thick, gold-rimmed pince-nez, scurried about the Russian colony in the city of Harbin, questioning everybody in perfect Muscovite.

What should Russians like himself do, he asked, if the Japanese should take over Manchuria, as he heard they might? For his part, he said, he would welcome them. With more than 100,000 White Russians driven into Manchuria by the Bolshevik upheaval the Japanese would be sure to let them prevail in a campaign to recapture, he said, his homeland from the Bolsheviks.

The Russians listened to his Moscow accents, saw the old familiar gestures and were caught up in the excitement of the dream he made so plausible.

A portly merchant, who said he was from Pekin, went among the Chinese merchants of Mukden, the ancient capital of the Manchu dynasty and today the principal city of modern Manchuria, bewailing the inefficiency of his own people. He had put before the Chinese a score of excellent business propositions, he said, but because the ideas were modern his own people turned them down.

Then he had gone to the Japanese, and objectionable as they were as a people, they made successes of sixteen of his projects. If the Japanese came to Manchuria with full power, would it not mean modernity and profit for both Chinese and Japanese? The merchants of Mukden seemed to hear one of their own kin and kind speaking.

In white summer togs that were made in London, a Eurasian, with a Manchester accent in his otherwise excellent Chinese, called upon Commander Kuan Yu-Heng of the Manchurian infantry, and presented his card as Mr. Henry Won, salesman for a Czechoslovakian armament firm. He invited the Commander to inspect the model of a newly perfected electrically firing light artillery gun. He would like the Commander's opinion of it, said Mr. Won. His firm was prepared to pay handsomely for his expert opinion, and he could be as frank as he wished.

Commander Kuan Yu-Heng said, "Bring it here."

Mr. Won glanced with embarrassment at the Commander's bodyguard. Then he pointed out in a low tone that as the new gun was not yet wholly protected by patents the Commander would appreciate Mr. Won's anxiety to have as small a gallery at the inspection as possible. Would the Commander dispense with his bodyguards and be his guest at dinner in Mukden's leading hotel, where, surely, danger to the Commander could be only theoretical?

The Commander saw no harm in the invitation and joined Mr. Won at dinner in the gentleman's private suite at the hotel. From the palm room came jazz played by an American orchestra. An excellent dinner came up by electric lift into the room. The waiters were two Chinese in white silk, who accorded the Commander the ceremonious service due to a leader of their people.

Suddenly Mr. Won threw his napkin to one of the waiters, the other took another napkin, and the Commander found that he had to choose either complete obedience to Mr. Won, or having those napkins about his throat in the hands of stranglers. He chose to obey, was smuggled out of the hotel through a rear exit, into a taxi and taken to a grim mansion outside of Mukden.

Here he was kept prisoner. But to his mystification he was dined like a prince and given a luxurious bed. What bewildered him still more was that no demands were made on him.

Meanwhile, a group of men in the uniforms of officers of the Commander's regiment jostled a Japanese officer, Captain Nikamura, off the sidewalk in front of Mukden's principal theatre. Captain Nikamura protested violently. A theatre crowd gathered and witnessed melodrama such as no theatre ever afforded. The supposedly Chinese army officers attacked the Japanese captain with their swords and literally hacked him to pieces.

An uproar came from the Japanese government. The assassins of Captain Nikamura were arrested and freely admitted their guilt, saying that they had only carried out orders from Commander Kuan Yu-Heng. The Japanese government, reasonably enough, asked what Commander Kuan Yu-Heng had to say. But the Commander was not to be found.

Japan then charged that the Manchurian authorities not only planned the assassination of the Japanese army officer but were keeping its instigator in hiding.

Suddenly Commander Kuan Yu-Heng appeared in public, with a tale of kidnaping that sounded straight out of a dime novel. But his well fed and well groomed appearance did not help his story.

Japan raged. Then on September 18 of the same year came the famous "incident" that set the seal on Manchuria's fate. As one of the fruits of the Black Dragon Society's planting, Japan had the right to patrol its vast commercial buildings in Manchuria. What happened on September 18 had best be told in the official report by Lieutenant Kawamoto of the Japanese army; not because it is truthful, which it is not by about 100 per cent, but because the report became history:

"On the night of September 18, 1931, I was patrolling with six soldiers along the railroad track twelve kilometers north of Mukden. Suddenly we heard an explosion not far from us and we realized that the railroad line had been blown up by an explosion. While we were investigating this incident about 100 Chinese soldiers hidden not far away opened fire on us. I immediately established contact with my superior officer of the Third Company, who was about 1000 yards away. At that moment we heard the Changchun express train from Mukden approaching. It continued on its way and having reached the point of the explosion without derailing miraculously escaped catastrophe and reached Mukden on time."

According to a League of Nations investigation of the Manchurian incident Japanese troops arrived at Mukden even more miraculously than the express. They got there seven hours earlier than if they had waited till the affair they came to avenge actually took place.

In the dead of night they surrounded the Chinese garrison. Colonel Doihara was already there directing a battery of camera men. The pictures were to show Chinese soldiers setting out to massacre innocent Japanese but prevented by the timely arrival of Japanese troops.

There was a slip in the timing. The Japanese started their "defense" too early and the photographs would have shown them shooting and bayoneting Chinese soldiers starting up from sleep. Fortunately for Doihara the camera men were his own people, so he sent them away, and had the barracks burned to the ground. So that while there was no photographic proof of Chinese guilt, neither was anyone left to testify to anything else.

Meanwhile a tidal wave of Japanese planes, tanks and troops swept into Manchuria. Five hundred thousand White Russians and Chinese, psychologically prepared by Doihara, greeted the "liberators" with fireworks and flags supplied by Doihara.

Twenty-four hours later came bitter awakening. By nightfall the Russian colonies in Mukden and Harbin resounded with screams of outraged women.

Those who resisted were quieted with gun butts, or they were taken to Japanese barracks, where an unspeakable game was played, involving degenerate indignities and torture.

In five weeks one hundred thousand Russians, who had hailed the arrival of the Japanese, fled in terror into China.

Doihara, disguised as the excited little Muscovite, as the Chinese merchant, or as Mr. Won, were routine jobs, however, which any one of a hundred other professionals could have done almost as well. But as the Muscovite, Doihara built up an army of twelve hundred White Russian aristocrats to spy for Japan, and an equal number of pickpockets, prostitutes and killers who fled from Bolshevik prisons as the others fled from palaces.

As the Chinese merchant, Doihara augmented his army of spies with fifteen thousand Chinese clerks, coolies, hillmen, dentists, civil servants and university professors. His greatest recruiting triumph took in the members of the Ch'ang Mao Tao, eighty thousand followers of a religious sect called The Long Haired Ones. One civilized sentiment in the Chinese character is love of peace. Ch'ang Mao Tao preached love. Doihara bought all its priests, who in turn taught their followers to spy for Japan.

The Japanese gave Doihara the job of making the world think that Manchuria would be allowed to govern itself. Prince Charles Pu-yi was picked by Japan for the throne. He was head of the family that ruled Manchuria for centuries.

Pu-yi did not relish the nomination. Had he wanted it he would not dare accept. His palace was in Tientsin, a Chinese city infuriated by the Japanese grab of Manchuria. Doihara had to get Pu-yi on its throne.

He drew up his plan of action but gave it to another to carry it out. It was his right hand "man," in a curious sense of the word. Yoshiko Kawashima was her Japanese name but actually she was the tenth daughter of Prince Su of the Manchurian dynasty of which Pu-yi was the head. Sexually she was what is known as "an intermediate type," an individual in whom glandular unbalance produces features, bones and build, texture of skin, hair and flesh, character and desires that are as much feminine as masculine.

Yoshiko was twenty at the time Doihara was operating in Manchuria. The virility in her despised the mildness and military helplessness of her own people. More to her liking was the race that seemed so sure to dominate the Chinese.

At a drinking party—Doihara loves them when he is off duty—he told how he met Yoshiko. He was working one day in his private office at the headquarters of the Kem Pei Tai in Mukden when he was startled by a feminine giggle. A saucy looking Chinese girl stood before him, dressed in Paris clothes.

"How did you get in here?" he demanded.

"By my charms and my wits," she giggled. "I want to work for you."

She was thrown out of the building by the nape of her charming neck. Three days

(Continued on Next Page)

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6—Cowed, Pu-yi Allowed Her to Kidnap Him in a Rickshaw and Deliver Him to the Japs, Who Set Him Up on a Puppet Throne.

7—Three Times Yoshiko Married Princes of Key Chinese Provinces, Brought Them Under Jap Domination—and Vanished.

8—But When She Was About to Marry a Fourth Prince, a Chinese Patriot Broke Up the Ceremony—and the Marriage—by Stabbing Her. In the Resulting Turmoil He Escaped.

9—As Shiua Convalescing in a Hospital, Chinese Agers Disguised as Interns Suddenly Irrad Into Her Room and Visited Upon Ir the "Death of the Little Hamms" Reserved for Traitors.

10—Japan Claimed She Was Only Wounded But the Spy Master, Who Left an Important Assignment to Come to Her Side, Probably Knows the Truth, and the World at Large Has Not Heard From Her Since.

100-Faced Spy Master Masquerading Mistress

Astonishing Adventures of Colonel Doihara, Human Chameleon, and His Fantastic Woman Accomplice, Whom He Loved Yet Married Off to Various Princes to Further His Plots, After Perfecting Her as a Living Instrument of Treachery—But He Couldn't Save Her From Those Vengeful Hands That Executed Her by the "Death of the Little Hammers"

Yoshiko Pictured in Riding Breeches. One of That Strange "Intermediate Type" of Women Whose Physique and Glandular Unbalance Enabled Her to Assume Masculine or Feminine Masquerade at Will. Her Traitorous Activities Under Doihara's Direction Earned Her the Title of "Peacock of Ill Omen."

Mei Lan-Fang (Center), China's Foremost Actor, Who Innocently Played Into Col. Doihara's Hands and Without Knowing It Played a Part in One of the Plots Against His Country.

Keystone View Co.

(Continued from Preceding Page)

later in the same office, when Doihara was again alone, as he thought, he heard a young man laugh, looked up and saw a trim looking Chinese rickshaw man. Doihara almost shot him, he was so shocked at the sudden intrusion of the stranger.

"Who are you and how did you get past my guards?" Doihara shouted.

"I am the girl who was here three days ago," the youth said. "I still want to work for you."

A recognition electric with affinity flashed through them. Each saw a good actor in the other. Both loved action more than acting. Above all both loved Japan. And since each stood for the things the other loved most, they loved each other. But as each was a character of a hundred faces it was a strange and multiplex love.

In Doihara, the female in Yoshiko saw the one man to whom she could yield as a woman, the superior she would serve in any mood or capacity. In Yoshiko, the spy master of Japan saw the one woman who could meet the hundred needs in him, from sweetheart to as many sacrifices as were wanted on the altar of Japan.

A week after their first meeting a woman servant in Pu-yi's palace in Tientsin fell suddenly and inexplicably ill and another servant got her place, seemingly a peasant. Almost at once things began to happen that shook Pu-yi's nerves.

A delegation of Manchurian patriots brought a huge basket of fruits to Pu-yi as a tribute to his resistance to Japan. When they left he took up a gorgeously colored pomegranate, then almost dropped it with astonishment. It was metal. Had it fallen the bomb would have blown him up.

Two nights later he was about to get into his bed, but saw the silk coverlet twitch. The servants captured a small but deadly coral snake someone had placed there.

Riots broke out under his palace windows, mobs clamoring he should take the throne of Manchukuo. When palace guards and patriotic Chinese mobs rushed to the scene it was as if someone had dreamed the riots, so swiftly they vanished.

Daily the pressure on Pu-yi grew. Doihara had spokesmen in Pu-yi's palace. "Take the throne and fool the Japanese," they whispered. "Once in the place of power, power will be really yours!"

"Tientsin will mob me if I stir to accept the throne," he protested.

"That is so," they sighed. "But perhaps a way can be found."

Then one night he woke from sleep, sensing someone standing by his bed. A hand over his mouth stopped him from calling out, but the touch was respectful.

A voice whispered at his ear:

"I am just a rickshaw man, Your Lordship, but mighty friends of yours have sent me. I have clothes that are an indignity for you to wear but they will help you get to a throne. I will take you to a ship in the harbor, but we must first steal through a sea of angry men."

Doihara and Yoshiko had timed the disintegration of Pu-yi's resistance almost as if they figured in the uneasy dream from which he was awakened. He dressed in the clothes Yoshiko handed him and followed her down dimlit corridors past drowsing guards.

But as they stole out of a side door in the palace courtyard a guard who did not drowse set up a howl of alarm. Yoshiko thrust Pu-yi into a rickshaw and seizing the shafts bounded off. Behind them palace guards yelled as they ran after them. Ahead of them watchful clusters of night prowlers tried to stop the rickshaw.

With her head as a battering ram and with the momentum of the rickshaw and its weight Yoshiko ploughed through them. The guards were catching up and began shooting, trying to hit the "coolie" and not the passenger. Then from both sides of a crossing two carts high with hay closed in behind the fleeing rickshaw, which doubled back into an alley, came out into the next street and escaped the chase.

It took Yoshiko two nights—by day she hid Pu-yi in alleys and stables—to smuggle him through Tientsin, now swarming like a hornet's nest, on to the Gulf of Chihli and on board a sampan.

Two days later she delivered Pu-yi to Doihara at Dairen.

A month later Pu-yi was on Manchuria's throne but it was not he that ruled there.

With Manchuria harvested, Doihara moved to other fertile fields. He had a list of Chinese provincial princes that was in effect a price catalogue. This prince could be bought at a bargain. That one would take bargaining. A third could not be bought with money but was susceptible to women. Still another would listen to a business proposal, but his hold on his people was weak and the people were strong in their opposition to Japan. Some princes were not to be bought but were marriageable bachelors.

The simple purchases Doihara left to buyers from Tokio, who settled such transactions with dispatch. Doihara handled the princes that bargained, with a mixture of toughness and tact. Those who held out against outright purchase but not against women were easy. Doihara had the flower of Japan's beauties at his disposal.

The reigning prince of a province important to Japanese plans of conquest would not be bought but he did want a wife and heirs to his throne. Doihara and Yoshiko had a heart-to-heart talk in the most moving meaning of the phrase.

A week later Doihara brought to the prince the beautiful and shy daughter of Prince Su of the Manchurian dynasty and offered her in marriage. The girl's blood was of prouder strain even than the prince's, and Doihara was an honored guest at the marriage ceremony. In six months the prince was firmly under Japanese influence.

Then his wife vanished. She had been Yoshiko, of course, under a faked pedigree.

Three times Yoshiko married a Chinese prince of one province or another. Each time she brought her husband to an "understanding" with Japan.

Then each time she vanished.

Throughout China the legend was growing of a Peacock of Ill Omen, a woman of their race, a princess who married reigning princes, delivered them as vassals to Japan, then disappeared into some sinister cloud, literally. Other Chinese, modern and toughminded, had a more realistic picture of the woman, but when they tried to catch her they were as much at a loss as simpler minds were lost in the clouds of their legend about her.

Then in the Summer of 1936 a fashionable Chinese wedding ceremony in Shantung was melodramatically broken up when a man in the dress of a rich merchant stabbed the bride. In the turmoil he escaped. The knife almost severed the bride's left breast and she was rushed to the English hospital in Shanghai.

She was entered under an assumed name. An English surgeon operated on her successfully. She was convalescing in a private room at the hospital, but visitors were rigidly barred.

One day five Chinese in the white of hospital orderlies and nurses hurried through the corridors toward the patient's ward. The nurse in the room was startled at the irruption of nurses and orderlies she did not know. Then she stared in horror.

For, the group in hospital white took out hammers from under their blouses and attacked the patient. The nurse screamed, bells buzzed, the hospital's fire alarm clanged.

But by the time help came the visitors with the hammers were gone.

Afterward the papers carried stories to the effect that Miss Yoshiko Kawashima, "the Mata Hari of Japan," was assassinated. The Jap Government said she was only wounded and would live.

Doihara went hurriedly to Shanghai. He saw Yoshiko, alive or dead, alone. What took place then only Doihara knows. But those who followed their relation knew that the man was hit to the heart and must have let it have its way for once without disguise or calculation.

The world at large has not heard of her since. It continued to hear about Colonel Doihara. In the Summer of 1937 China became an obdurate field for his efforts. He called a conference of seven governors of key provinces. They were to form a bloc of pressure on Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to convert him to "collaboration" with Japan. Doihara worked on them for a year, thought he knew the price of each and came to the conference with a smile in his eyes.

To his amazement he found the governors smiling, too, but not with him.

"Go see Chiang Kai-shek," they told Doihara. "When you have bought him you won't have to pay us!"

For once Colonel Doihara lost his poise, his temper and his time.

But a week later he was in Peking, as Mr. Ito Soma, a Japanese banker, lover of the arts and propagandist for a China and Japan that should make one family, neither dominating the other. He already knew Mei Lan-Fang, China's foremost actor, who had just returned from a tour of the United States.

The actor innocently introduced Mr. Ito Soma to Huang-Sen, an official of the Central Bank of China and right-hand man to China's leading general, Chiang Kai-shek. Mr. Soma and Huang-Sen met on nights of full moon on the steps of the Altar of Heaven, a beautiful shrine of white marble, and discussed calligraphy, goldfish, ceramics, philosophy, and personal fancies of Huang-Sen's which were too costly for his purse. Mr. Soma begged as the prerogative of a friend to be allowed to help Huang-Sen realize some of these fancies.

Their talk seemed an island of peace and poesy in a turbulent world. In reality it was a prelude to Huang-Sen's betrayal of his country, for which he was later trapped and beheaded.

Over the vast Chinese land swept the Japanese. Province after province, softened by Doihara, fell.

In marched the Japanese troops and with them horror on so vast a scale and so unspeakable that the world has not yet grasped it all. The rape of Nanking alone makes the pages of Dante's Inferno seem pallid by comparison. A horde of loot-and-lust-mad Japanese cut loose on a million unarmed Chinese in the city. Thousands of children and women were outraged, a score of soldiers to each victim. Pregnant women had their unborn bayoneted. Drunken soldiers used living bodies for sabre practice.

The more fortunate who managed to escape to Free China were so unhinged that they had to be nursed back to sanity in the homes and hospitals supported by American funds through the United China Relief. The tales they told seemed to be only imagination in a fever. But when they were borne out by staff members of colleges and hospitals, missionaries, doctors and journalists of high repute, the world began to realize these nightmares were not merely dreamed and would recur.

More than one hundred million Chinese peasants were in the conquered territories. What was Japan to do with them while its armies battled Chinese armies? How to keep them from helping their fellow countrymen?

A solution was reached by the High Command of the Japanese Army, and Doihara, who was now reported "on active duty at the front" was given the assignment to put it into execution. He began work on it late in 1937. In 1938 the Twenty-third Session of the League of Nation's Advisory Committee on Opium listened to Dr. Victor Hoo Chi-Tsai, the Chinese representative on the committee, charge in detail:

"Japan has invaded China not only with men and guns but with narcotics. Manchuria, Japan's puppet state, has become a narcotic arsenal. Japanese consulates in China are distributing centers for opium."

Up rose Japan's representative on the committee, Eiji Amahu, and indignantly denied the charge.

Whereupon Dr. Victor Hoo Chi-Tsai called upon the representatives of Egypt, Canada, Great Britain and the United States, to say what they saw in China.

Every one of them confirmed the charge that Japan was drugging the Chinese masses into submission! Eiji Amahu still denied the charge. Then those who made the charges showed the Session some moving pictures.

The movies revealed Doihara sowing his latest crop, opium. And he had just been made Lieutenant Colonel by his satisfied Chiefs.

What crop he is sowing now or has already sown in the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands will soon be news.

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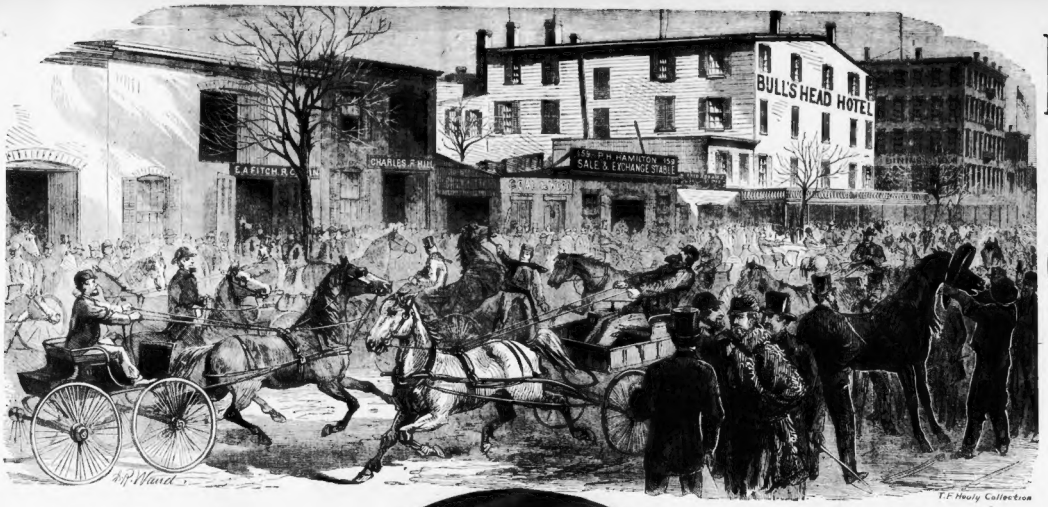
Not Even War Can Stop that Hoss Tradin'



A. B. Ward — T. F. Healy Collection

New York's Picturesque Old Bull's Head Horse Market in the Days Before the High-Stepping Trotter Gave Way to the Horseless Carriage, But the Canny Breed of Nag-Barterers Still Flourishes in Spite of the Machine Age.

In This Machine Age There Are Fewer Horses Than Traders, But as Dan Parker Narrates, the Alluring Barter That Was Great Sport as Far Back as Man Can Remember, Still Thrives With All Its Tricks and Traditions

By DAN PARKER,
Famous Sports Commentator and Collector of Odd Characters.

A Modern David Harum—George Kame, President and Organizer of the World's Horse Traders' Convention at Almond, N. Y., Where 200 Enthusiasts Assemble Annually to Swap Yarns and Nags.

TWO odd conclaves held in recent months brought to light a charming anachronism that made many Americans become nostalgic and forget for a while that the world has been converted into a huge charnel-house.

In Atlanta, during the last week of April, as has been their custom for over half a century, the Irish horse traders of the South gathered for their annual funeral and marriage ceremonies, after which they dispersed once more to the four corners of Dixie to resume again their age-old horse-swapping occupation.

And willow-shaded Canacadea Creek in Almond, N. Y., during the third week of August witnessed the fourteenth annual World's Horse Traders' Convention just as complacently as if this weren't the Machine Age and a horse something short of a museum piece.

The relentless advance of the motor soon may drive the horse into its last refuges, the race track and the zoo, but, judging from the enthusiasm displayed at the two horse-swapping conventions, no man-made machine can ever drive from the human breast the primeval urge to swap the noble beasts—whether while crossing a stream or high on some rugged mountain top.

Almost as instinctive to mankind as the dread of snakes and the hypnotic fascination of a hearth fire is the desire to trade horses. From that misty, unrecorded period of man's existence when nomad tribes first began to wander over Asia's grassy steppes, living on mares' milk and using their equine herds for bartering purposes, two men and two horses have comprised the indispensable ingredients of a swap.

The art of horse-trading, once universal, is now practiced chiefly in the South where the inroads of mechanical agricultural machinery have been so slow that the horse and his poor relative, the mule, are still depended upon to do the bulk of the farm work.

Because of this agricultural quirk, some 4,000 horse traders, all stemming from a group of about 50 Irishmen who came here shortly before the Civil War and set up a horse-trading market in Washington, are still able to do a thriving business year after year, long after the end of the livery stable era.

There are about a score of names in the Irish Traders group in the South and no matter how large the group becomes, the number of family names doesn't change. All members of the group are related by blood or marriage.

As clannish as gypsies but quick to resent any comparison with the wandering tribes of Romany, the Irish horse traders have retained their racial identity even after several generations in America. They talk with an Irish brogue overlaid by a Southern drawl, which really is quite a hunk of dialect.

They live in large tents on the road. The trailers which are hitched behind their cars aren't for sleeping in but merely to carry their furniture from hamlet to hamlet. And this furniture is likely to be the best that money can buy.

Several families will travel together. Seeking out the remotest corners of the South, they make regular calls on customers with whom they are as familiar as the mail man. They look over the livestock on a farm, suggest what additions or replacements are needed and usually get carte blanche from the owner to make them.

The Irish Traders have several headquarters in the South. One group puts up at Nashville and another at Fort Worth. But the main body, which was formed after the Civil War when the Irishmen headed South after selling out their horse-market in Washington, still puts up at Atlanta. They send their dead back to an Atlanta undertaker while on the road and every year during the last week of April, hold a mass funeral in the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Later, at the cemetery, the old Irish custom of keening is carried out. The group moves from grave to grave, wailing and shedding tears at each. But once out of the cemetery, the horse traders shed not tears but their sorrow, and prepare right away for a week of revelry.

The embodiment of the shrewd "York State" and New England horse-swapper was David Harum, the banker-horse trader hero of Edward Westcott's novel of the same name, which is a classic among horse-lovers.

In August, annually for the past 14 years, the real-life David Harums have assembled for one week outside Almond, N. Y., on the banks of the Canacadea Creek and engaged in such a spell of hoss-swapping as would have made the shrewd hero of the novel want to go back to school and study his quadrupeds.

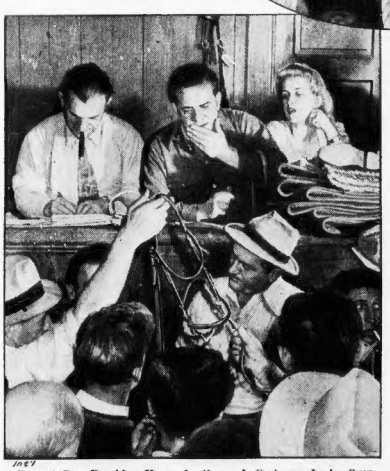
Some 200 dealers assemble for this, the World's Horse Traders' Convention, as its founder and president, lanky tobacco-chewing George Kame, calls it. Kame, well known in western New York as a shrewd bargainer with a Dobbin, is a witty gent who has attracted wide attention to his annual convention through his colorful personality and the showmanship with which he stages the nag-bartering.

The keynote of the convention is sounded by President Kame who greets old acquaintances in the profession with such frank comments as "Well, you old horse thief! I see you're back again! Make yourself at home."

To others he'll say: "Welcome stranger. Come in and be robbed!"

On a large pasture lot beside the State road, through which flows the purling Canacadea and which is shaded here and there by clumps of willows, the horse traders who attend the convention do their stuff.

Two of them will get together and in voices that are intended to let the entire world in on their secret transaction, will start arguing about the respective merits of the horses they propose to swap.



Present Day Brooklyn Horse Auction. A Customer Looks Over Harness Before Making a Bid on the Animal That Goes With It.

One of the First Principles of Horse Swapping Has Always Been "Let the Buyer Beware." The Teeth of a Prospective "Bargain" Being Carefully Examined for Telltale Filings or Other Attempts to Conceal the Nag's True Age.

One of the nags may have fifth degree curvature of the spine, ingrowing hoofs, a wall eye and a bad spavine and the other may be emaciated looking and ring-boned. But to hear the two traders discussing their fine points you'd swear that Man O' War and Gallant Fox were the beasts under discussion.

"Lie and let lie" is the motto of horse traders. They don't tell the truth themselves and they don't expect it from their business rivals.

"Caveat emptor" is the first principle of their art and if the buyer doesn't beware it's his hard luck. But the lying is so accomplished that no horse trader worth his oats is ever caught in a whopper.

There is one rule of horse trading that even the most accomplished liar adheres to, strictly. When he unloads a "kicker" on someone else, it is his bounden duty to inform the new owner of his nag's perversity. It isn't necessary to tell him in as many words that his hoss is an equine Charley Brickley.

The usual procedure is for the elated barterer to remark casually: "Friend, I wouldn't stand too close to that beautiful crittur's hind end, if I were you. He's been known to get a bit skittish and reach out for more elbow room."

Horses to be swapped are examined minutely. Objects are waved before their eyes to make sure that they aren't blind. Their teeth are examined for telltale evidence of filing to conceal the true age.

Trader Kame makes no bones about the decrepit condition of his nags—probably because they are bony enough already. On the opening day of the Almond sale this year, he herded his Old Dobbins together near the willow-shaded creek that runs through the pasture lot where the auctions are held. It so happened that all the nags were chestnuts or bays except one, a sturdy looking white animal that stood in the center of the herd with the others grouped closely around it, like corn stalks in a stack.

A sharp-eyed trader, spotting the white steed, decided he'd like to do business with Kame, so he suggested a trade for his dappled gray mare.

"Which one of these sleek beauties do you want for her?" demanded Kame, squirting a stream of tobacco juice onto the greensward and shifting his quid to the left or non-controversial side of his mouth.

"I'll take that white crittur over yonder," said the owner of the old gray mare.

"Oh, no you won't," snapped Trader Kame. "If I moved that baby, the rest of 'em would fall down!"

A trader isn't obliged to tell another that his nag is blind. That's up to the other fellow to find out for himself. During the Almond convention, a farmer in one of the outlying districts swapped his plough horse for a buggy animal and started off for home, through the village of Almond. As the steed plodded down the main stem, his new owner was first surprised, then shocked to find that the tired old beast stumbled over obstacles and crashed into other vehicles in his path. Turning around, the victim drove back to the swapping lot and indignantly sought out the rogue who had unloaded the myopic beast on him.

"Say neighbor," complained he who had been stuck, "why didn't you tell me this beast was blind? He's been crashing into everything in his path."

"Hell's fire, that snappy trotter of your'n ain't blind," said the sly swapper. "He just don't give a hang no more!"

Not all the clients at the horse trading shows come just to swap horses. There is a great demand for old horses by laboratories which manufacture serums and find the blood of even the humblest dump-cart nag suitable for their purpose. Agents from glue factories also frequent the sales, proving that the galloping glue pot gag isn't far fetched, if the nags themselves are.

When Trader Kame saw a pair of walking skeletons being led off to be converted into mucilage, he paused and, in reverent tones, said:

"Those two noble beasts are going off to serve their country. The next time I see them they'll be working for Uncle Sam."

"You mean in the cavalry?" asked a bystander, incredulously.

"No," sighed Kame, "on the backs of postage stamps!"

But there are no real losers. Every hoss trader attended the convention, not to make a profit but to satisfy the primordial yen with which his blood was impregnated by his first troglodyte ancestor who swapped his wild pony for another that caught his roving eye as his neighbor passed on the way back from a hunt.

The remnants of the once numerous band of itinerant horse traders started the World's Horse Trading Convention when they met more or less by accident in George Kame's pasture in Almond 14 years ago. The convention has grown at such an astounding rate that there are now more traders than horses, which is just another piece of evidence attesting to the lasting power of the horse-swapping urge.

It strikes the rich and the poor alike. Saratoga's yearling sales, also held in August annually, are the rich men's version of the Horse Trading Convention. The difference is that there horses are bought, not traded; all are thoroughbreds and one always has a chance of buying an Alsab for $700 as Al Sabath of Chicago did in 1940.

But the same instinct that prompts one horse trader to try to outsmart another at Almond is what motivates the bidding in the swanky auction tent at Saratoga.

All of which seems to prove that even after the last Old Dobbin has been stuffed and mounted for the museum, horse traders will still be at it, swapping the maple merry-go-round charger with the lavender eyes, for a saw horse, because, whereas a species may die out, an instinct never becomes extinct.

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Murdered by Mistake in His Hour of Triumph

Just as Willy Ortmann Glimpsed the Great Success of His Song, "The Shrine of St. Cecilia," a Stranger Pointed a Gun Through His Window and Killed Him

"Mrs. Ortmann Had Just Begun to Doze When Two More Shots Startled Her. Suddenly the Bedroom Door Was Thrown Open. Willy Ortmann Staggered In. Blood Was Staining the Front of His Pajama Suit."

Widowed Ilse Marvenga Ortmann, Willy's Wife, Who-e Plans and Hopes for the Future, Based on Willy's Song Hit Were Shattered by the Gangster's Bullets.

Policemen Taking Composer Ortmann to the Hospital After the Shooting That Blasted Willy's Career Just as He Was Achieving the Success He Had Worked for So Many Years.

Dead from His Own Medicine, Abe Beitler, of the Hoodlum Gang, Who Killed Ortmann and Then Committed Suicide Rather Than Surrender to the Police.

"THE Shrine of St. Cecilia" is one of the song hits of the moment, but the well-known artists, singing that haunting melody at night clubs and everywhere are not the ones who put it over.

The song-plugger who did that is Death, through the most pitiful and fantastic tragedy New York's Tin-pan Alley can remember.

At the age of fifty-two, Willy Ortmann saw the golden dawn of his first real financial success, in that song. Money was coming at rather long last but would be all the more relished.

His beautiful wife, Ilse Marvenga, light opera star, best remembered in the role of Kathie, in "The Student Prince," could now have the things she deserved.

There were a thousand and one joys, big and little, they would share together, now that his ship was coming in.

The dramatic unities of time, place and action, were strictly obeyed in this tragedy which occurred in two New York hotels, side by side on West 51st Street, and all within 24 hours. But probability was strained as only Fate dares strain it, in real life.

One evening not long ago, Willy had spent happy hours with his wife, Ilse, planning their future. They had done this before but always it had been wishful and wistful thinking, now it could be made into reality. Their two rooms were in the Hotel Victoria, not very expensive rooms because Willy had always been obliged to live inexpensively.

The conversation consisted largely of questions by Ilse. Could they do this and could they do that? Her husband's answer was always:

"Why not?"

Yes, why not, if the song was to be the great hit he felt in his bones it was going to be? Willy Ortmann had been almost everything in the musical game except a big money-maker. He had been a song-plugger himself, thus helping make hits for others. As an agent he had brought people together who later made fame and fortune but never did he get a big commission.

He had been a composer too, writing music for some of Eddy Guest's lines and tinkering with operettas. Some of these things occasionally paid pretty well but the average was only a fair living and he was getting along in years, toward the sunset rather than the sunrise.

Anyone in Tin-pan Alley who bothered to think about Willy's future would have made about the same guess — and guessed wrong.

Last Summer a scout of his publishers', the Braun Music Co., sent over some songs people were singing in war-torn Europe, for possible American adaptation. Turned over to Ortmann, he put them through the mill of his piano and discarded as chaff all but one, an unpretentious Swedish song entitled, "My Soldier."

Neither his publishers nor anyone else, even his wife, saw much in the tune but Willy kept insisting:

"That fellow has almost got something. Let me tumble it around until I lick it or it licks me."

For weeks the "something" eluded him and then, one day, he faced Mrs. Ortmann, with the sort of smile a mechanic wears when he suddenly finds what is wrong with an engine.

"I've got it!" he said. "Listen!"

Ilse listened and believed. So did his publishers and Carroll Loveday who was asked to write the new words. There are certain signs, omens and portents of a song hit and, though often all signs fail, Willy knew in his heart, that he had struck gold at last.

Around midnight, when the Ortmanns retired to turn day dreams into night dreams, two detectives from Brooklyn, Robert Bowe and Edward McGowan, were following a trail through Manhattan's theatrical district.

On Forty-seventh Street, they ran into an old acquaintance, Samuel Kovner of the "Brownsville Hoodlums." Hoping that he might have something to do with the murder, a month before, of Abe Babchick, boss of the policy racket, they went through Samuel's pockets but found nothing incriminating.

However, he had a key to room 945, of the Hotel Abbey, next door to and structurally, a part of the Victoria, and just for that they took Kovner to that room, and again found nothing. However, it was such a spacious room as to suggest a gang rendezvous, so they just sat down and waited.

Sometime later came footsteps and a signal, tapped on the door.

Bowe motioned for Kovner to let his callers in but their unwilling host replied:

"Not me. They'll give me the works."

From the speed with which the footfalls departed, that remark must have been overheard. McGowan threw the door open just in time to glimpse one last foot flying around a turn in the hall.

The detective pursued and finally rounded up another old acquaintance, Samuel Kabensky, also a member in good standing of the Hoodlum Organization. He was brought back to the room to sit with the other Samuel.

There seemed to have been a second pair of footsteps, but detective Bowe, in a rapid search of the ninth floor, could find neither sight nor sound of this other caller. Descending to the desk, he learned that neither of the men who had recently gone up had come down, so back he went planning a room-to-room search of that floor.

Peering again into a poorly lit alcove, what had looked like a shadow, under a table, jumped out with gun blazing. A bullet almost clipped the detective's ear and another ripped the sleeve of his coat. Bowe emptied his gun, in reply, but as he was reloading, the shadow took to its heels, uninjured.

Through a door to a flight of stairs the figure darted and the detective could hear feet pounding upward, flight after flight. Around the twenty-second floor, the sound ceased. The fugitive, evidently knowing how the hotel was laid out, had the advantage over his Brooklyn pursuer.

Trying door after door at random, the detective found one that yielded to his hand, opening into a large banquet hall, illuminated only by a faint light from the windows.

Bowe was panting for breath and knew the other man must be. He held his breath until his lungs almost burst but no sound came to his ears.

It would take many precious minutes to search the room and perhaps he would do better to look elsewhere first. There seemed no way to escape from windows, 22 stories above the street.

But again the pursued revealed his superior knowledge and his reason for picking that particular floor. As soon as the detective had gone, a man came out of hiding somewhere in that room.

No doubt he too had held his breath. He opened a window and stepped out onto a ledge which ran across the face of the Abbey and also continued along the face of the Victoria Hotel.

He did not know quite enough about that ledge and, as usual, a little knowledge proved to be a dangerous thing. His number was up, though he did not know it yet.

What he did possess, was the gangster's realization that police reserves must be hurrying to surround the neighborhood. If he was to escape down through the Victoria it must be done without delay. On that same level in the Victoria were the rooms of the Ortmanns.

Willy, aroused by the sound of shots, had sat up in bed and thought they were in his own hotel. He went to his wife's room and found she had also heard them but was not frightened.

They talked a few moments and hearing nothing more decided it was probably the back-firing of a milk truck and for the second time he went yawning back to his bed—and his death.

Enough time passed for Mrs. Ortmann to be just dozing off when two more shots came, this time close and thunderous. Ilse screamed and felt sure that her husband would come to her. He did. But not to reassure her as she expected.

The door opened and he staggered in, blood gushing down his pajamas from a wound beside his heart and another in his abdomen.

What had happened was this:

The gangster, crossing the ledge to the Victoria, discovered what was wrong with his escape scheme. Someone had thought of it before. All the Victoria windows on that ledge were protected with bars. Hurriedly but quietly, he must have tried one window after another. Perhaps he had only reached the third one, which was Willy's, or perhaps he had tested them all and was on his way back, nobody knows.

Anyhow, at that fatal moment, Mr. Ortmann appeared at his window. Or perhaps he was hiding behind the curtain, watching for the cause of all the excitement, when the gangster brushed past. Perhaps the killer saw his shadow move in the room, or his silhouette on the shade, and leaped to the inevitable conclusion—the police!

At any rate, the unfortunate composer was unarmed and in his pajamas but the frustrated gangster had "cops on the brain" and without stopping to ask if this was one, let him have it twice.

That murderer sealed his own doom too because the shots directed the attention of the converging police. There was nothing left but to go back to the banquet room. Back to it also came detective Bowe, determined to search the place. He knew he was taking a desperate chance of being potted from the shadows, but Bowe found the switch and flooded the room with light. He was looking for another shadow under one of the many tables and soon found it.

"Drop your gun and come out of there!" he commanded.

There was a moment of silence and what must have been agonized indecision for the man under the table. He was a "cop-hater" and yearned to finish his duel with this one. But he had also vowed many times never to be taken alive again and now it would surely mean the electric chair.

The worst of it was that in shooting Ortmann, he had used up two of his last three cartridges. Finally the desire to escape the "hot seat" prevailed. The voice from under the table rasped:

"You'll never get me alive, you ——————"

The sentence ended with a pistol shot but that last bullet went into the gangster's own temple. He died at the hospital, a few hours later, without recovering consciousness.

Mrs. Ortmann was found frantically trying to stop her husband's lifeblood with bandages torn from the bed sheets.

Rushed to the hospital, his desire to live made Willy rally and for a while it seemed as if he would see his golden sunrise after all, but he died a few hours after his killer.

The killer was identified as Abe Beitler or Bitler, alias Sam Levine, 23 years old, with a long police record and out on parole. He belonged to the same hoodlum gang and was no loss to the community but the police regretted his suicide because they hoped to prove him to be the man who had murdered Babchick, in his car, within sight of the Empire Boulevard Police Station, in Brooklyn.

They claim to have evidence that Bitler had been collecting blackmail for some time from Babchick, who was no loss either, and that when the policy big-shot resisted further tribute, Bitler killed him. Now they can never prove it.

But Willy Ortmann's murder was the one thing needed to call Broadway's immediate attention to the merits of his last song.

Almost every one sings it or whistles it except Mrs. Ortmann, to whom it is indeed a haunting melody.

Another incongruous detail strikes veteran actors on Broadway.

Bitler had still another alias—Joe Miller.

The old-timers remember that classic, Joe Miller's Joke Book, in which was said to be embalmed every joke that has stood the test of time from the days of the Pharaohs.

Why, they wonder, did this brutal killer, without a spark of humor in him, pick that name?

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

RIDDLE in RED

by Jonathan Stagge

"I . . . I Keep My Gun in My Room. How Could the Taxi Driver Have Gotten It? It's Crazy," Cried Oliver, as Karen Grasped His Arm and Stared at the Automatic in Inspector Cobb's Hand.

"DON'T you think it's time you told me the truth about your sister's murder and the murder attempt on you?" I asked red-haired Karen Hale, whose red-haired twin sister Norma had met a tragic death two days before. "It's strange Dr. Westlake," she replied, "but it's a relief to have someone know at last."

Her decision to speak followed startling incidents in quiet Kenmore where I lived with my young daughter, Dawn. Norma Hale, engaged to Oliver Church, had told me a few hours before her death that she and Libby Brompton, a friend, had done something terrible in the past, that she was pursued by a man in a yellow taxi and feared she was going to be murdered in revenge. Libby, found dead months ago, had written that the taxi driver had threatened her and sworn to settle pest with Norma and Toni, later identified as Karen. I went to Fallowfield, Norma's home near-by, saw her gallop up the drive, lit with Christmas lights, then topple from her horse. Her neck was broken. I saw a yellow taxi slide away in the dark. Dawn showed me where a wire had been strung over the drive. I agreed to help police Inspector Cobb solve what we felt sure was murder. I kept in touch with Karen; her divorced mother, Persis, now Mrs. David Rowley; Mrs. Rowley's sister, Grace, wife of Judge Salter; David, and Oliver, who we found had been in love with Karen, even when engaged to Norma.

While Cobb hunted the taxi driver, whose name we learned was Albert Williams, Francis Hale, father of the twins, told me Persis and Grace had $60,000 a year from a trust from their father, Samuel Shipton, whose will gave his three grandchildren $20,000 a year on marriage or on reaching twenty-five. Hale said Jimmie Salter, Grace's son, had been killed in an accident about two years before, when engaged to Karen. He said he believed the two women were capable of having liquidated Jimmie and Norma to save their own income and declared Karen in danger.

Soon after, a strange visitor called on Dawn, borrowed paper, wrote a note and took it to Fallowfield. Sure he was the taxi driver and fearing for Karen, I followed only to find she had rushed out dropping a scrawl bidding her meet the writer. Oliver, Hale, Rowley and I trailed her and found her unconscious in a quarry. She had been hit on the head but when I told her later I knew the taxi driver had murdered Norma and tried to kill her she denied it. Cobb said she feared the taxi driver would spill the dirt on her.

Surprisingly, the hunted murder suspect came to me the next day to ask me to dress some burns. As I worked, wondering how to detain him, he vengefully denounced Norma, Karen and Libby for "ruining his life" adding: "There's someone worse'n them. Fixing that wire, I saw." At that moment, Judge Salter burst in; "That's the man who murdered my son" he cried. The taxi driver fled. The Judge then told me how Jimmie had died. His story sent me to Karen and it was then she decided to tell the truth about the taxi driver. While engaged to Jimmie, she told me, she learned from Norma he was making love to Libby, another redhead. The three girls got him drunk, put him in a taxi, gave the driver liquor and pinned a card on Jimmie reading: "This is the model son of Judge Salter. Kindly return him to his father at the night court." The taxi crashed and Jimmie was killed. The driver got a prison sentence. The terrified girls made no effort to help him. When released he tried to blackmail Libby but she committed suicide. Then he came to Kenmore and Norma met a tragic death. When Karen went to meet him, she was struck down in the dark by someone she did not see. This was her story, furnishing damning evidence against the taxi driver.

As I left her, Rowley gave me Norma's diary. He had just found it. It confirmed all Karen had told me. Presently a shot startled us. We rushed to the barn followed by the Hales and Salters. Oliver and Karen were there. At their feet lay the taxi driver, dead, with a bullet wound in his head.

(And Now Go On With the Story)

XXI

THE others crowded across the threshold after us. I remember Grace Salter's gaunt face scrawled with shock, the quick, startled movements of Mrs. Brompton-Hale and Hale's profile, smooth, unconcerned except for a sardonic glint in his eyes. But almost all my concentration was fixed on that bizarre tableau in front of us—the brazier's pulsing glow, the little slumped body, and the two young figures, Karen still as a show window model, and Oliver taut, grim.

Judge Salter was the first of us to step forward into the circle of firelight. His massive face wore a strange, thin smile.

"The man who killed Jimmie!" he said hoarsely. "He's paid the penalty! He's dead!"

That shook Karen out of her icy spell. She spun round, staring at him and then beyond him to the rest of us. Her tongue came out moistening her pale lips. In a desperate little voice she said:

"Yes, he's dead!" And then: "Oliver found him. I . . . I came here running. Oliver was here. Oliver found him."

Someone——I think it was Rowley——said: "You, Oliver?"

The young man's dark, square-featured face had lost all its aggressive assurance.

"I was out in the garden, waiting for Karen. She was going to join me after she got her cape. I was waiting. And I heard the shot. I came running here. The doors were open. I came in and I found him."

The eerie light from the brazier played on Karen's red hair. "It's suicide!" she said raspingly. "See, the gun in his hand, that—that bullet wound in his head! He killed himself." She was staring straight at me now. A little sob shook her body. "He murdered Normie. We . . . we knew he murdered her. And he couldn't get away. He knew he was trapped. That's why he killed himself."

As the others milled agitatedly around, I stared down at the crumpled figure of Albert Williams, lying there small, shabby so completely unmourned. I saw once again the gun clutched in his bandaged right hand, and the matted wound above his right ear. Karen must be right. Of course she must be right. Albert Williams had tried to carry through his terrible revenge and now, he had done away with himself rather than face inevitable arrest. Here then was the end of the trail. Albert Williams had not waited for the law to act—and with him, the whole ghastly story had died. There would be no need now for anyone to revive it again—ever.

That was it, of course . . .

Oliver drew Karen away from the body. Mrs. Hale went to her, patting her hand, reassuring her. I saw Francis Hale move to the brazier and peer down at the dead man's face. His hand went out as if to touch the pistol. That brought me back to reality.

"Don't touch a thing," I said. "None of you touch a thing till the police get here."

Francis Hale backed away from the body. The others crowded together again close to the doorway.

I turned to Rowley. "Call Cobb, Rowley! Get him here at once. And the others—take them back to the house."

"Okay." Rowley, his face very grim, turned to the others and started shepherding them out of the barn. "Come on, all of you. We'd better leave Westlake here until the police come."

He stopped there, for suddenly Inspector Cobb himself with Persis Rowley hurried across the threshold of the barn. Cobb looked very solid and official—and taut.

"What's happened here, Westlake? Your daughter told me you were over here and then Mrs. Rowley said you'd heard a shot. You!"

He broke off with a little grunt as he saw the body lying by the brazier. I glanced at Mrs. Rowley and saw her lovely face suddenly lose its tranquility, saw her eyes narrow in horror.

"Then . . . then, it was . . .!"

Rowley went to her. "He's dead, Persis. I don't want you to see. Come on back to the house. The rest of you, too."

Cobb glanced over his shoulder. "Call the Coroner, will you? Tell him to come over right away."

"Okay."

IN A few moments they had all trooped off. Cobb and I were left alone with the mortal remains of Albert Williams the taxi driver.

Cobb moved over the hay-scattered boards of the floor and stared down at the body. "Well, Westlake, I got your message that he'd been at your house this evening. I had the whole force out combing the Kenmore Valley." He gave a dry little laugh. "Guess I've been wasting their time." He looked at me, his shrewd blue eyes shining in the firelight. "Is he dead?"

"Sure. I haven't examined him. But you can see that with half a glance. Bullet went clean through his head."

"And the pistol in his hand." Cobb squatted down and peered at the wound. "Looks like suicide, eh?"

"Looks like it."

"So he murdered Norma and bumped himself off before we could arrest him." Cobb looked at me again. "Guess our hunch was right. Guess he was our murderer."

"It's a lot more than a hunch now," I said. "It's a certainty."

I poured out an account of the many and lurid things that had happened during the evening. I told him of the taxi driver's dramatic visit to my house, of his half-way confession, of the Judge's tragic story, of his wife's amendments to it and finally of the tortured admission I had obtained from Karen. And then I handed him Norma's diary.

"You'll find everything confirmed in there, Cobb," I said. "The case looks just about as clear as crystal now."

Cobb had been listening intently, his eyes never leaving my face. Now he took the little notebook and leafed through it, pausing here and there. He took his time about it. At last he shut the book. His steady blue eyes found my face again.

"Just as tidy as tidy can be," he observed. "The taxi driver all but confessed to you himself. The Judge and Mrs. Salter told you one half of the story; then Karen told you the rest. And now, as a double check, we have Norma's diary, tying the whole thing up in a pink ribbon." His eyes flicked to the pathetic little body by the brazier. "And that isn't all. We're even spared having to make an arrest. At the most convenient moment for all parties concerned, the wicked murderer ups and commits suicide."

The unmistakable ring of irony in his voice irritated me. After all, I was quite proud of myself for the way in which I had brought the investigation to a close.

Cobb moved away from me, glancing, casually, it seemed, around the shadowy interior of the big barn. He went to the body, knelt down by it and cautiously disengaged the pistol from the dead man's bandaged fingers. It was a small, modern automatic.

"Guess this was his own gun," he murmured. We examined it together. Except for the one shot which had been fired, it was fully loaded. Carefully Cobb wrapped the automatic in a silk handkerchief. "Better look for the empty cartridge. Must be around here some place."

WE STARTED to search the straggling hay on the floor around the body, but there was no visible sign of the cartridge.

"That's funny," mused Cobb. "Wonder where it got to." He paused. "And I wonder why he picked on the Rowleys' barn as the stage for his suicide."

I didn't know whether or not I was meant to comment on that remark.

Humming softly under his breath, he turned and stared at the brazier.

"Wonder why he bothered to light that brazier too. After all, if he was planning to kill himself, it wouldn't have made much difference whether he died cold or hot."

As a matter of fact, I started wondering about that too.

Cobb looked through the great gap formed by the open doors out into the starry December darkness.

"The doors," he said. "I guess you had a time having to push them open."

"I wasn't the first one here," I said. Then, remembering: "Oliver Church found the body and he said the doors were already open."

"Open! So the taxi driver comes here into the Rowley barn of all places; he builds a fire in the brazier to keep him warm; he opens the doors to keep him cold. And then he shoots himself." He started humming again. "Kind of eccentric, wasn't he?"

I said: "Cobb, what's eating you? What are you trying to do?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a little piece of recon-

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Science Urging Protection of Woman's Most Precious Charm

Dr. Else La Roe, Specialist and Author, Making Sweeping Researches Into Tortures That Tradition and Fashion Have Inflicted Upon Her Sex, Points the Way to Modern, Sensible Culture and Care of the Breast

Tragic Isadora Duncan and Her Beautiful Children. Isadora Was One of the Modern Emancipators Who Led Women Back to the Sound, Natural Standard of Classic Grecian Beauty.

Culver Service

Marlene Deitrich in a Real Mannish Costume —Marlene's Figure, Which Is an Essentially Modern One, Permits Her to Wear Both Women's Dresses and Men's Attire with Equal Effectiveness. Women Began Taking to Slacks as an Aftermath of Doing Men's Work in the Last War.

The Venus de Milo, Besides Being a Standard Work of Art, to Science Is a Monument to the Sane Development of Beautiful Form.

The Modern Brassiere, As Worn Here by Beautiful Veronica Lake, Is Considered by Science the Most Useful and Least Injurious of All the Supports Ever Invented for the Feminine Breast.

By CHARLES W. GODDARD

"FROM the earliest cultural and religious traditions the feminine breast has been a symbol of mystery, of holiness to man. Within its snowy confines lie all the beauty and all the tenderness the world will ever know. Quite rightly it has been called 'Nature's supreme achievement.'"

Thus states Dr. Else K. La Roe, New York woman plastic surgeon and specialist in reconstructing the female figure.

In most animals, she points out, it is the male that is adorned by attractive markings, the peacock that wears the glittering plumage, the lion whose mighty head is crowned with a mane. But, in the human family, Nature has decreed that woman is the partner who attracts her mate by beauty.

"This can never change until Nature changes," Dr. La Roe writes, in her new book, "The Breast Beautiful." And the most powerful as well as the noblest of all woman's charms, the surgeon-author says, is the breast. Though this fact has been recognized and abundantly recorded from the earliest times, most of the bosom symbols have lost their original meaning to modern eyes. For instance she asks:

"How many people today are aware that the prosaic, Arabic numeral 8, is a crude representation of the feminine breast?"

Since it is decreed that woman must lure her man, does she fully realize the power and value of her chief lure?

The author has no doubt that instinctively she does appreciate it to the full. Though the tortures, disfigurements and injuries to her general health she periodically inflicts on herself are tragic, woman knows that her principle is right, no matter how faulty its execution may be.

Strangely enough it is man who usually first sees and protests when she has gone far astray. Kings and doctors have scolded and warned. She has even been imprisoned for abusing her own breast but woman will never listen to the voice of mere man, submitting to the persecution of fashion, until one of her own sex emancipates her.

The most recent of these emancipators was the late Isadora Duncan, who may have been crazy as a loon in nearly all her other ideas but, at least, she led her sex back to the sound, natural standards of classic Greece, for feminine beauty. Seeing is believing and it was not what she said that impressed womankind but what she showed in her dancing.

Isadora may have talked folly but she danced sense.

As usual, fashion failed to get the message straight and womanhood in general was confused. This was largely because the message came to them after the great upheaval of the first World War, when women had taken over the work of able-bodied men, away at the front.

They now wore pants, had a latch-key, invaded the barber shops, saloons, smoking cars and other male sanctuaries and helped themselves to almost all the "freedoms" that had been more or less exclusively masculine. The symbol of this sudden conquest of man seemed to lie in looking like a man.

No idea could have been further from the truth. Woman conquers man by being as womanly as possible, not by being a good imitation of himself. Fashion was quick to punish this error by inflicting the boyish-form styles, which Dr. La Roe describes as follows:

"The tight bandeau-brassiere was the instrument of torture during the boyish-form craze. Created for the purpose of hiding the natural curves of the body and reshaping them into as cylindrical a form as possible, this vogue lasted only a few years. After 1929, when curves became fashionable again, the modern form-fitting brassiere, started so many generations ago by a corsetiere with vision, came into a belated popularity.

"The modern brassiere is without doubt the most useful and least injurious of all breast supports that have ever been invented. Only the clever design of this garment makes it possible to do justice to the present conception of feminine beauty which approaches the classical Hellenic ideal and maintains that nothing can be perfectly beautiful if it is not useful as well.

"The influence of fashion on health cannot be denied, although it is greatly exaggerated today. Any attempt to sway fashion, purely on the ground of health, is as inevitably doomed to failure now as it always was."

The brassiere, far from being a modern invention, seems to have been as old as the wheel, perhaps as old as the idea of wearing clothes for decoration.

The author finds it already well-perfected and of even greater importance than today, in the lives of well-dressed women of ancient Greece and Rome. Roman ladies knew it as zona, fascia, capitium, strophium, stethodesma and many other names, perhaps as many as a shopper would find in the advertisements today.

The strophium, she says was invented in Greece where it was worn principally by young girls. On the wedding night the bridegroom removed this garment and in the morning it was replaced by a more matronly support, usually the fascia.

As evidence that these forms of brassiere were worn for preservation as well as beautification, the author points to the Amazons who, she says, must have been terribly handicapped in warfare by this feminine appendage and therefore wore metal coverings, shaped to fit each breast and kept in place by straps, exactly like those of the modern brassiere.

Incidentally, the Amazons are the most magnificent demonstration of the fallacy of woman's periodic attempts to conquer man the hard way, by being mannish, even though they outfought him in battle.

Metal breast supports, Dr. La Roe writes, were popular also with women of a more retiring nature, during various periods of history. The metal disks were supposed to keep evil spirits away but milady of that day was quite sure that they had no such effect on contemporary man.

The Modern Scientist, Interested in the Preservation of Female Beauty, Shudders at the Memory of the Hour-Glass Corset As Portrayed in This Old Cartoon of the Gay 'Nineties, So Different From the Hygienic Ones of Today.

They decorated the disks with various jewels according to what sort of a child they desired. For instance if the expectant mother wore rubies, her child should be a great warrior. Amethysts would cause the child to grow into a man who could drink almost any amount of wine and retain such a clear head that nobody could put anything over on him.

Wear a couple of opals and your child can never be smitten by the lightnings of Zeus, at least, that's what they thought.

Then, as now, the woman with an out-of-style figure had to have something special.

"The Grecian woman, with her magnificent discoid breasts," the doctor says, "merely emphasized their beauty by wearing little more than a skeleton brassiere called either peridesomos, mitra or anamaskhalister."

This last consisted of two long ribbons passed through a central disk which lay between the breasts, while two lengths encircled the body. The two remaining bands were worn over the shoulders and all four strands met at the centre of the back. Thus Hellenic beauties, no doubt, fought in defense of their shoulder strap.

The Roman woman, with more generous, though less stylish breasts, had to use an inner bandage, known as an amictorium, bound tightly around the chest in such a way as to support the breast and prevent it from sagging. This meets the expert approval of the author. On top of it, she says was worn a second and vividly-colored bandage, called cingulum. Wrapped loosely around the body, it gave a smaller appearance to the bosom.

This was a humane era for the breast but the dark ages were ahead and dark days of torture. The Renaissance emancipated humanity from many of its miseries but the torture and imprisonment of feminine bust grew worse and worse right up to modern times.

The corset first appeared during the eleventh century and gradually replaced the last vestiges of brassiere forms.

In order to get her billowing figure under control, Catherine de Medici introduced the corps-a-busc, which Montaigne called a "terrible engine." Queen Elizabeth promptly adopted it and thus inflicted the instrument of torture on generations of her sex, throughout the civilized world.

The corps was a metal bodice, described by the author as sometimes solid, sometimes perforated and sometimes made of bands of steel, joined by bolts and fastened by metal straps.

How women survived this ordeal for centuries is hard to understand. They wore the dreadful combination in winter cold as well as summer heat, nor did they dare give themselves relief at night, when they changed into a "corset de nuit" to prevent their abused bodies from swelling back to normal size and making the day corps too tight for them. Even young girls had to wear preparatory forms, usually before their tenth year.

During all this time man cried out in pity and horror, begging woman to have mercy on herself and promising to love her just the same. She did not believe him. The Kings of France strove to stop the practice of lacing and Henry III designed a sensible substitute.

It was too sensible. It was hideous!

The women ignored it. Cardinal Richelieu, at whom even the King trembled, fulminated but in vain.

It took the French Revolution to get women out of their iron prison but they started back to captivity during the First Empire. These first forms were more a financial than physical hardship. The well-dressed woman must have a corset for every occasion, one to be married in, one to be buried in, one for walking, for riding, for dancing, for receiving in her boudoir.

Gradually they drifted back to the corps-a-busc and finally the famous hour-glass figure. No woman could compress herself into one of these iron straitjackets, even with the help of one maid. Usually the collaboration of one and even two muscular menservants was needed.

With lungs so cramped that they had almost no chest-expansion at all, gallantry was a necessity. The escort knew he had better help Milady Hour-glass up the stairs and in and out of carriages as well as carrying everything for her lest he have that dreaded thing, a fainting woman, on his hands.

Half the ambulance cases were "corset swoons" and first aid for all women was to cut their stays. Woman was a breathless invalid and the wonder is that she lived and bore children at all.

But enough is enough even for a woman. And by the turn of the present century the feminine worm had turned on herself. In spite of fears and misgivings, she bought less and less excruciating corsets, but it took a world war and a demonstration by a dancer to make her realize that she could have her cake and eat it too. She could throw the whole deforming apparatus away and be as fascinating as ever to man.

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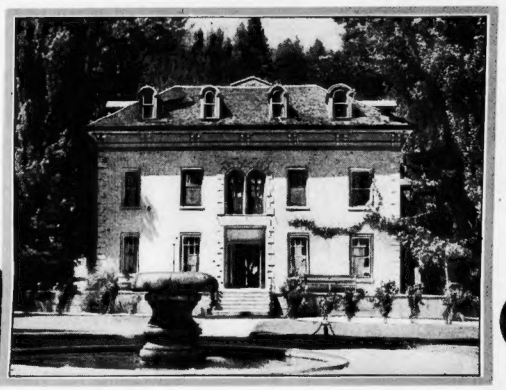
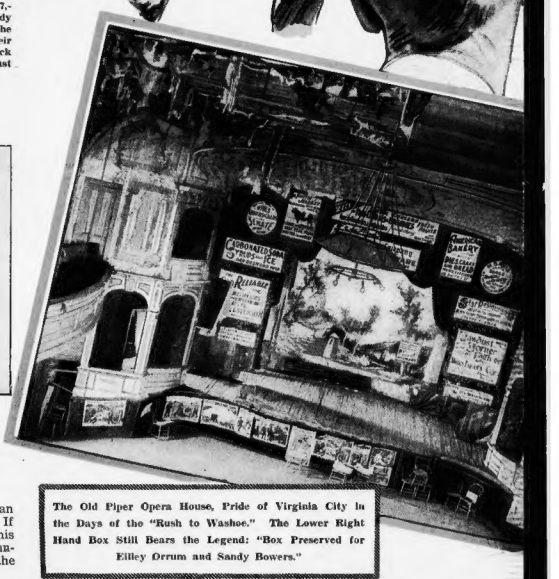
RIDIN' TRAIL BACK to the OLD WILD WEST

With Old Scout Murphy



Above: Eilley Orrum, "The Washoe Seeress," and the Fabulous $407,000 Mansion She and Sandy Bowers (Left) Built With the $1,000-a-Day Proceeds From Their 20-Foot Claim on the Comstock Lode, Which Was Discovered Just as Eilley's "Peepstone" Told Her It Would Be.

A "Peepstone," or Gazing Crystal, Such as the One in Which Eilley Orrum Saw the Mountain of Gold That Was Finally to Be Hers. (From the Collection in the British Museum.)



The Old Piper Opera House, Pride of Virginia City in the Days of the "Rush to Washoe." The Lower Right Hand Box Still Bears the Legend: "Box Preserved for Eilley Orrum and Sandy Bowers."

JUST about eighty-two years ago the first of the daring Pony Express riders put spurs to his horse and dashed away in a cloud of alkali dust on the first lap of the gruelling 2000 miles of wild and wooly West with its bad Indians, outlaws, mountain blizzards, raging streams, stifling deserts and wilderness that lay between the Mississippi and California.

It was the beginning of the era of the gambler and the hurdy-gurdy girl, the badman and the gun-fighting marshal who blazed their way with six-shooters through the hell-roaring frontier camps. About the only law was coiled in a rope on a Vigilante's saddle.

The story of those colorful, dramatic days has been written for readers of The American Weekly by Frank Murphy, who roamed our last frontier for more than half a century as cowboy, Indian scout, freighter and buffalo hunter "when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

Then spake the miner from the East,
"I am a wretched man,
For lust of gold hath lured me to
The shovel and the pan.
I saw, in dreams, a pile of gold
Its dazzling radiance pour;
No more my visions are of gold,
Alas! my hopes are ore.

"Thrice have I left this cursed spot,
But mine is was to learn
The fatal truth, that 'dust we are,
To dust we shall return.'
So, here condemned, by Fates unkind,
I rock elusive sand,
And dream of wailing babes at home,
Unrocked, an orphan band."

—The Miner's Progress.

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CHAPTER III.

Eilley Orrum and the Peepstone.

EILLEY ORRUM cut a swath through the Old West that it didn't forget for a long time. She started out in life squinting into a peepstone and spent her last days doing the same thing. Before she took her last look she saw a lot.

Now a peepstone is a very ancient thing used in divination. The old Gaels prized them highly, passing them down from mother to daughter, or from father to son, as the case might be.

A peepstone is a chunk of quartz, or agate, or crystal—sometimes roughly shaped and polished—and the soothsayer, or scryer as they used to be called, looked into it and saw visions like the modern crystal-gazer looks into a crystal ball. The ancients believed the ability to see the future in a peepstone was partly due to the magic properties of the stone and partly to the peculiar gift of the soothsayer.

The first time Eilley Orrum peered into the peepstone she was just a slip of a girl, skipping over the moors of Scotland. She always said she could see her future in it. She saw a great mountain of gold for one thing, and that she was going to be a great lady, and a rich one, too, honored by kings and kowtowed to by a lot of common folks. Sure enough, before Eilley Orrum looked into it for the last time just about everything she saw came true, but there were some mighty tough days the stone didn't show.

Soon after Old Pancake and his cronies pried the lid off the Comstock Lode, the biggest pile of silver and gold the country ever had seen, Eilley Orrum, scooping up money so fast she couldn't count it, was the "Queen of the Comstock." Eilley had jumped onto her whirling wheel of fortune and spun to the top. But the next turn took her down with it just like it did plenty of others in those days of round-trip rides from poverty to riches.

About all she had left out of the wreckage was her peepstone. She spent her last days peering into it with her dim old eyes, telling everybody who'd drop a dollar into her palm where to find a fortune like the one she lost. So, from "Queen of the Comstock" she became the "Seeress of Washoe."

Eilley was still in her teens when a Mormon missionary came to her native country. His hi-falutin' tales of the promised land across the sea jibed with everything she had seen in her peepstone. The missionary and the stone both agreed she'd find a husband, too.

She was on the next boatload of Mormon converts that sailed for America, and not long after she landed she married one of the Mormon elders, Stephen Hunter, and rolled across the plains in an ox-train to her new home in Salt Lake City. A short time later she discovered her husband had three other wives besides her.

Now Eilley hadn't seen anything in her peepstone about playing second fiddle in a household of wives, so she pulled out and got a divorce. She wasn't footloose long. Her next husband was Alex Cowan. He was a Mormon, too, but so poor he couldn't afford more than one wife. Eilley figured he was a pretty safe gamble.

When Brigham Young, the leader of the Mormons, decided to set up a colony in the western part of his domain, the section that later became Nevada, the Cowans were in the bunch chosen to go. That suited Eilley. The peepstone still showed a big pile of gold someplace in her life. She figured this was a move in the right direction.

In a couple of years the Mormon settlers were called back home again.

"Go right ahead, Alex," she told her husband. "I'm stayin' here." He'd been a washout as a husband anyway.

About that time Old Pancake, Pete O'Riley, Pat McLaughlin, and Old Virginia, the fellows I told you about last week, were digging from one spot to another up the mountainside, getting traces of color here and there, like a dog tracking a jackrabbit.

There were a lot of other fellows prospecting, too, so Eilley opened up a cook shack to feed them. They all liked her. She was plain as an old spade but a mighty good cook. And she had a heart as big as the mountain they were digging in. I reckon that's why she was queen of the lode to all of them. Nobody ever went away from Eilley Orrum's rough table hungry if she could scrape up anything for the fryin' pan. If a man had money he paid. If he had nothing in his jeans he put his foot under the table just the same.

"That's all right," Eilley used to say. "I ain't turnin' nobody away. I know you'll pay when you get it."

Of course, every time a prospector found a little gold in the bottom of his pan he staked out a claim. Everybody had claims all over the place.

One day a miner who'd been down on his luck for quite awhile came to her.

"Mrs. Cowan," he said, "I'm pullin' out. Goin' back to California. Can't pay what I owe yuh for board, but I'll give yuh th' ten feet I staked out up th' canyon."

"That'll square it in full," Eilley smiled, "but I wouldn't go 'way. I been lookin' in my peepstone. Th' boys are gittin' closer to it every day."

The hard-luck boarder went on his way, nevertheless, wondering what anybody could see looking into a chunk of glass.

But most of the miners were superstitious. A lot of them would follow voices or listen to the wildest sort of tales about places where you could scoop up gold with a shovel. When they heard about Eilley's peepstone they started asking her for advice.

"I can see you're gittin' closer," she'd tell 'em. Then after a long squint in the stone: "I'd work a little more to th' north."

They took her advice an' a few days later they hit the rich ledge.

Now one of Eilley's star boarders was Sandy Bowers, a Scotchman of about her own age. He was a red-bearded bull-whacker who'd driven an ox-team across the Overland Trail and caught the gold fever when he hit Nevada. Sandy owned the ten feet next to the claim Eilley took for the board bill.

He began to hang around the cook shack, chinning with Eilley after everybody else had gone. Maybe Eilley wasn't any Lillian Russell, but she was a pretty fair eyeful for a young fellow when the only other females to be seen were Piute squaws or down-in-the-heels gals from the hurdy-gurdies. They chewed the rag about the mining prospects and I reckon they talked about the weather, but it wasn't long before they were talking about something more serious.

"We got them two claims right together," Sandy said one day as he was sopping up the last of the bacon gravy on his plate with a piece of bread. "I was thinkin' it'd be kinda nice to work 'em together."

"Yes, it would be, Sandy—I mean Mr. Bowers," Eilley stammered.

Well, there was a reformed gambler around the camp, who'd turned preacher. He had a job in a hurry. As far as I know it was the first wedding in Virginia City.

A FEW months later the great discovery was made. While the original prospectors on Gold Hill were cussing the "blue stuff," that clogged up their rockers, and shoveling it away to get at the gold at the bottom, a fellow named Morrison loaded up a couple of sacks of ore and headed over the mountains to California, where he took it to an assayer.

"It's hard to believe any ore could be so rich," the assayer reported, "but I've double-checked it. That stuff runs better than $6,000 to th' ton, about $1,500 gold an' $4,500 silver."

The "blue stuff" the miners had been throwing away was silver, worth more than the gold.

That set off the stampede. Eilley and Sandy

True Rip-Roaring Tales Told From Memory by One of the Last Survivors of the Trail-Blazing Era, When Bad Men, Worse Indians, Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and Settlers Wrote the History of Our Plains in Blood and Punctuated It With Bullets

"Just About Everybody Who Could Elbow In Was Invited to Inspect the Bowers' Grand New Palace in the Sage-Brush and Celebrate the Return of the 'Queen of the Comstock.' It Was About the Fanciest Collection of Ex-Bull-Whackers, Prospectors and Gamblers Who'd Got Rich Overnight the Country Ever Saw.

"A Lot of them Wondered Why Eilley Had So Blasted Many Knives and Forks Spread Out Around Their Plates When a Feller Cain't Use But One Uv 'Em. But They Laid Into the Choice Victuals and Imported Brandy and Champagne Sandy Had Provided. They Knew What to Do With That."

ndy built a stamp mill. housand dollars a day.

Eilley's peepstone was right. This was the for- we she had been seeing in the crystal all these ars.

The "Rush to Washoe" was in full swing when Pony Express riders began galloping across country. Eilley was a friend of all the famous ian-fighting horsemen who carried the mail r the Nevada trail, "Pony Bob" Haslam, Jay lley, Billy Carr, and the rest of them.

The peepstone Eilley used was getting old and atched up a bit but in it she had seen the moun- n of wealth that had been uncovered, and it had d her that greater things still were in store for r. She was to make a long trip, mix in high ciety and get the honors due a great lady.

She told Sandy about it.

"All right, Eilley, yuh shure got it comin' to h," Sandy agreed. "We got more money'n we n spend here an' more comin' all th' time. We'll to Yurrup. We'll visit Queen Victoria an' all m other crowned heads. Yuh kin invite 'em to ne an' visit the Queen uv th' Comstock. Ain't ody worth seein' in this country anyway, out- e uv Governor Nye an' Old Winnemucca."

Eilley and Sandy began getting ready for the p. The International Hotel had been built by t time. It burned down later, but it was quite lace in the early days at Virginia City.

Sandy took it over for a farewell party. Just out everybody who could elbow in was invited celebrate. I reckon it was about the biggest col- tion of ex-bull-whackers and prospectors who'd t rich over night that the country ever saw. A ighter-load of fancy food was brought over from San Francisco. Another outfit hauled in a cargo of champagne.

Sandy just about wore himself out popping the corks out of champagne bottles. Before the celebration wound up he announced their plans.

"Reckon most uv yuh've heard, but we're takin' a trip to Yurrup to see th' sights. I got money to throw at th' birds an' we aim to spend some uv it."

A wild cheer went up when Sandy lifted his champagne glass and made a toast to "th' Queen uv th' Comstock."

Before they left Sandy drew plans for building a big granite mansion in Washoe Valley, "th' finest in th' land," to be ready for the queen and her lord on their return.

EILLEY and Sandy were gone three years. The royalty of Europe didn't rush down to the boat to meet them, like they expected, but they had a big time anyway trying to throw their money at the birds as fast as their mine on the Comstock was turning it out.

They came back with half a boat-load of geegaws they'd bought at fancy prices to furnish their new mansion. It was finished and had cost Sandy $407,000, but he figured it was worth it. There wasn't anything west of the Mississippi to touch it.

Eilley moved in, unpacked her European knick-knacks and began to hold court. Yes sir, the peepstone was right again, Eilley Orrum, the poor little maid of the Scottish highlands, was a great lady.

All the high and mighty of the Comstock turned out to pay their respects to the queen. Of course, a lot of them wondered why Eilley had so blasted many knives and forks spread out around their plates when a feller cain't use but one uv 'em. Others couldn't see much in the oil paintings, either, 'til Eilley told how many thousands she paid for each one, something she took particular pains to do.

Her reign went on for several years. The wealth still was pouring out of the Bowers' claim. They tried hard to spend it, but the high life proved too much for Sandy. He was too simple a fellow for a steady diet of French champagne and imported brandy.

The doctor told him one day that he had consumption. A few months later he was dead.

For all of his spending he still had more than $600,000 when he died. A superintendent kept on running the mine, but the output began dropping off. Pretty soon the works was running in debt.

Eilley turned to her peepstone for help. Then, like the many others who talked to spirits, she began holding conversations with the departed Sandy.

"Wait! Don't do anything 'til I ask Mr. Bowers about that," she used to tell her superintendent, or, "Mr. Bowers says that's all right."

But the advice she kept getting from Sandy was pretty bad. She borrowed money on her mine to keep the mansion going. Then she had to borrow on it, too.

Well, the day soon came when William Sharon, the Virginia City representative of the big California banker, Ralston, had to foreclose. The wheel had made another turn. The Queen of the Comstock was broke.

Her creditors sold off all the fancy furnishings she had brought from Europe. The mansion was turned into a resort and picnic grounds. It still stands today, a sort of monument to two of the most famous characters produced by the Comstock Lode.

Penniless, Eilley Orrum took her peepstone and moved back to Virginia City. There she hung out her shingle as the "Washoe Seeress." A lot of people came to her. A good many remembered her earlier prophecies that had come true. They figured she could tell what was in the future.

But Virginia City soon was on the down-grade, just like Eilley. There wasn't any money in fortune-telling, or anything else. She moved to San Francisco where she read the future in her peepstone for all who had the fee.

Then after years of mighty tough sledding the peepstone told her she should go back to Nevada. She was to be rich again, back with Sandy, Queen of the Comstock, holding court in her plush and satins in their palace in the sage-brush.

Friends of her former days humored the old lady. They fixed it up and put the dim-eyed seeress 'n a fraternal home in Reno.

"I'm jus' waitin' here for a little spell," she used to tell the other old ladies over and over, "till th' stone shows th' time is right."

They smiled and nodded.

"Then everything is goin' to be jus' like it was before."

Maybe the peepstone was right. Eilley did go back to her mansion. But she went in a pine box.

She joined Sandy, too, in a grave in the family burial plot on the grounds.

I RECKON there never was a wilder camp than Virginia City in her prime. Its rich mines drew all kinds of folks, good and bad. And the good ones had to be tough to keep the bad ones from running over them.

It was "a man for breakfast" there about every morning and sometimes a couple thrown in between meals. Guns and bowie-knives were the law. The fellow who couldn't hand out his own brand of justice didn't last long around the diggin's.

"Fighting Sam" Brown was the first of the killers to swagger through Virgin a City. The deadliest of the old western gun-fighters were the cool, quiet fellows. If there was any talking to do they did it with their six-shooters. But some of the badmen liked to blow about it.

Fighting Sam was one of that kind. He never gave another fellow a chance. He usually picked a fight with some poor devil who didn't have a friend to help him.

He first started working his trigger in Texas. Then he shot and slashed his way up through the California gold camps, killing his last man at Fiddletown before he headed east for Nevada. He stopped in Carson City long enough to announce his arrival by shooting William Bilboa to keep in practice. When he hit the Comstock he had already killed about a dozen men.

"They call me Fightin' Sam in Caiforny," was his introduction as he stalked through the Virginia City bars. He looked tough, all right, with a brick-colored beard, jangling big spurs, pistols and a bowie-knife hanging from his belt.

The crowds gave him plenty of elbow-room while they sized him up. To make sure everybody knew a badman had arrived in camp he made the rounds of every saloon. In the last one he found the man he was looking for, a little miner named McKenzie, so drunk he had to lean against the bar to stand up.

Nobody'd paid much attention to the bragging bully. I reckon he figured he had to show them how tough he was. He shoved against McKenzie, pretty near knocking him down.

Fighting Sam caught him before he fell.

"Reckon yuh don't know who yuh're pushin' around, do yuh, stranger?" Brown yelled.

The miner mumbled something. He was too full of "tangle-leg" to know what was up.

"Don't sass me! I'll teach yuh yellow bellies!"

One arm pulled the helpless fellow up in a tight grip. A bowie-knife flashed in the other hand, and with one slash Fighting Sam pretty near cut his heart completely out of the body. With a glance around to see that his spectators hadn't missed the show the killer swiped the blood off his knife on a boot-leg, swung across the room to a bench, and stretched out on it.

"Don't nobody bother me!" he shouted. "I gotta git some sleep."

In a few minutes he was snoring soundly.

Well, that was enough to show the camp that Fighting Sam was bad, at least when he was holding the high cards. Some of the real gun-fighters I knew later, like Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, or Whispering Smith would have backed a coward like Brown into his coyote

(Continued on Page 16)

Virginia City Prospectors Were Getting So Rich From the Comstock Lode That Every Night Was Saturday Night as This Picturesque Old Print of a Boisterous Evening at the "Green Devil Saloon" Shows. (From Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery.)

YOUR FAMILY'S PROBLEM SOLVED BY THIS
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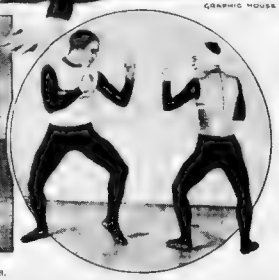
PROVING THAT THERE'S BEAUTY in our TOUGHEST SPORTS

In the Photograph Below Mata and Hari Are Demonstrating How Easily The American Crawl Can Be Transformed Into a Dance Movement.

Even the Brussing Sport of Football Can Be Gracefully Borrowed from the Gridiron and Re-enacted Esthetically.

GRAPHIC HOUSE PHOTOS



Most of Our Professional Boxers Probably Would Bristle at the Suggestion That There Is Anything Either Graceful or Beautiful In Their Manly Maneuvers—But There Is, As the Photograph at the Left Illustrates.

[illegible] as well as Mata and Hari. These performers, instead of [illegible] their talents to the familiar chase of the nymph by a satyr or of toe-toeing flutteringly across the stage in imitation of a couple of dying swans, divert the customers with more earthly and familiar antics.

Mata and Hari have worked up a series of routines based upon their alert observations of football players, baseball players, boxers, swimmers, wrestlers, fencers, six-day bicycle riders and track stars.

Without benefit of pigskin, horsehide, gloves, rapiers, wheels or twelve-pound shots, they go through a streamlined, pantomime version of most of the athletic antics popular with the American public.

In the eyes of most people who are diverted by the highly original dances of Mata and Hari, their most effective imitations of sport are their dry-land swimming and their spirited duelling without benefit of foils and masks. Their serious caricaturing of the American crawl and of a bloodless contest with rapiers pleasantly proves that these sports are full of grace.

The dancers even make the rowdy business of the ring seem downright graceful. In their Terpsichorean version of a prize-fight they smooth out and streamline a scrap from the shaking of hands at the opening bell up to the knockout.

On the small floor of a night club they manage to give the illusion of the highlights of a gridiron battle in the Rose Bowl. They dance their way to first downs through the line and around the end. They heave passes and catch them. They stiff-arm would-be tacklers and get off long punts—proving, beyond all doubt, that there's beauty in the most strenous sports.

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DON'T LET FATIGUE play havoc with looks! Crow's feet appear fast enough without being further hastened by squinting. Two drops of BAN-DEX speedily clears eyes reddened from fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.

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EYE-GENE

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I'M SO THANKFUL, PAZO BROUGHT RELIEF FROM PAIN

For relief from the torture of simple Piles, PAZO ointment has been famous for more than thirty years. Here's why: First, PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas—relieves pain and itching. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracks and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Don't delay—ease to use PAZO ointment is ready for Piles. Apply at once and enjoy the comfort. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist today.

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IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Does your Forehead look Years Older than your Cheeks?

Read how my 4-Purpose Face Cream helps keep little signs of age from showing!

By Lady Esther

You know well as well as I do that the skin on your face and throat is usually different from the skin on the rest of your body. Your face and throat look 35 or more, while the rest of you may look 19. But you can easily overcome this unfair handicap. Just use my 4-Purpose Face Cream as directed. It not only cleanses your skin, it also gives your skin the finest type of protection.

You see, it's just where your skin is stretched and relaxed by smiling, laughing, frowning and talking that little signs of age first appear. Your skin is stretched and relaxed by these movements of your face, throat and neck. Then, little lines and wrinkles appear. Now, my 4-Purpose Face Cream is made to overcome this very condition. It has the ability to soften and smooth the skin as you cleanse it. Then, it gives the skin just the protection it needs.

My One Cream Does 4 Things For Your Skin

My 4-Purpose Face Cream, used generously at the 3 points of motion and stress, helps to keep your skin supple and elastic—helps to keep it soft and smooth. It's the way thousands of women keep their signs of age from showing around their eyes, nose, mouth. It's the way thousands of women keep their skin wonderfully fresh and young looking!

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different from any face cream you've ever used. It not only cleanses your skin, it also gives your skin the finest type of protection. It does what it does:

(1) It thoroughly cleanses your skin. (2) It softens your skin. (3) It relieves dryness. (4) It helps to refine the pores. (5) It gives your skin, prepares it perfectly for powder and for make-up.

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Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Try it as a flattering powder foundation in the morning—as a cleansing and softening cream at night. See for your own eyes how much more beautiful your skin can be! Use my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

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Send me a generous tube of your 4-Purpose Face Cream along with your booklet telling how I can have the most exciting skin of my life.
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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto)

What Blind Men Are Doing to Help Win the War

EVEN the blind are playing a vital part in our highly-geared war industries. Most of us would think their lack of sight would make them quite helpless. But not by a long shot.

In addition to the regular factories where many of the blind find employment, there are more than 50 plants throughout the country working on defense orders and staffed with an all-blind personnel. The products of these plants which the sightless make have been so acceptable that the government has sponsored protective legislation in order to insure the sale of the entire output.

One of the largest of these plants is the Industrial Home for the Blind in Brooklyn where more than 150 sightless workers operate 300 power machines six days a week producing goods for both civilian and war needs. These men, unable to see the machines which they control, have developed an uncanny touch-skill with tools. Many of them produce more at their given task than workmen with sight can do at the same jobs.

During the past year, the Brooklyn plant did a business of nearly $500,000 and it holds contracts with the Navy, Army and Marine Corps. Some of its products have a direct link with the war effort, others an indirect one. The majority of its output is mops, brooms, and deck swabs, for example is taken over by the government for use by our armed forces.

Not content with their industrial help alone, many of the blind have sought to aid the war effort in other ways. Many suggestions to this end have been received at the Brooklyn headquarters of the blind industrial homes. One blind cigar stand operator, who has an excellent business in a public building in Brooklyn has suggested that the government permit the blind men to operate canteens in the camps of the armed forces to release able-bodied men for active duty.

Another blind man, a musician said that since he had acute hearing and absolute pitch, he felt he could be invaluable in an observation post, listening to the airplane detectors. He contended, that he, and his fellow blind men, with their better developed hearing, could tell enemy planes from friendly craft just by the sound of their motors.

Still another blind man with an exceptional sense of direction, suggested that a company of blind men be formed to serve as messengers and guides in blackouts. This idea, along with many others, is being considered by defense officials in various parts of the country. Like many others from all walks of life, the blind are not taking a back seat and are doing much to help us win this war.

How Three Refugee Dogs Got Into The United States

NOT long ago three wild and woolly refugees arrived in New York harbor bushed to the rail of the main deck of a Portuguese freighter. They had no use for the crew of the ship or the man who went to the pier to see that they got safely ashore.

The refugees who had started their long and dangerous journey at Berne Switzerland, landed at the United States after a roundabout trip by way of Italy, France, Spain and Portugal. The three are St. Bernard dogs, descendants of the monks of Hospice-aux-Monts, the monastery high in the Swiss Alps, and they escaped from war-torn Europe at a time when thousands of human refugees wanted hopefully, and many of them hopelessly, for passports.

The dogs are females named Elphi von der Lueg Heidi von Grafenatenner, and Elphi von Eiger, and they cost Raymond B. Quackenbush of Ridgefield, Connecticut, their purchaser, $1,149 just to transport them from Berne to New York City, besides whatever price he paid for them.

When the animals arrived they were emaciated and hungry looking and, much to the surprise of kennel attendants, refused to eat. They growled at dishes of meat, cereal soups and mixed vegetables, and backed away from the food, although they were obviously hungry.

At first it was thought that they had gone on a hunger strike. Then one of the attendants had the bright idea of feeding the trio fish—which they devoured in famished fashion. In checking up, Quackenbush found out that the sailors on the freighter had been pulling fish in from the sea and feeding them to the dogs. He could not find out what the three had been fed in their Swiss kennels, but suspected that since the war had everyone on short rations, the animals had been given something other than the usual meat and vegetable diet of St. Bernards.

None of the three dogs are related, and all were brought here for breeding purposes. As the inbreedings of dogs spoils their racial qualities, it is necessary to import fresh blood from time to time. Now importations are expected to come to a standstill.

The dogs, each about three years old, are direct descendants of the famous "dogs of mercy" bred by the St. Bernard Monks who, a few years ago, moved their hospice and kennels to the Himalaya mountains in India.

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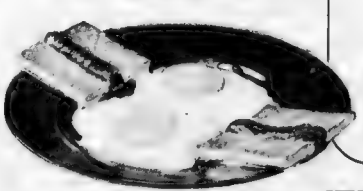

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(Continued from Page 8)

RIDDLE in RED

struction." Cobb slipped the automatic into his pocket. "The Coroner'll be forever coming, Westlake. He'll have to be routed out of bed. Why don't you give the body a quick once-over just as a professional matter?"

I was a little annoyed but I said: "That's Cobb's job. He pays me to keep my nose out of the affairs of the living." Cobb ruffled. "Don't be so touchy, Westlake. Be a sport."

He got up and walked over to the body. Not much light filtered in from the hall. I followed.

Cobb squatted beside the body. He pulled back the head. He passed his hand over the face. Then he shifted the body's position. Suddenly he began hurriedly patting down the sides of the dead man's overcoat. He found something, drew it out, held it up. "What's this? Looks like a splinter of wood. Yes, it is. A splinter." He grunted. "Wonder where that came from."

He got up then, strolling away from the body, vanishing into the snowy obscurity at the back of the barn. I looked up and saw a flashlight switch on. Its beam revealed a stout ladder leaning in a corner of the building. It led up into the darkness. Then the bobbing of the flashlight. I could tell that Cobb was climbing the ladder.

Suddenly he gave a sharp whistle.

"Westlake, come here!"

With a revolting sensation of unease, I hurried away from the circle of light made by the flashlight. I reached the bottom of the ladder. Cobb was stooped over, his flashlight pointing directly at the second from the bottom rung, about two feet from the floor.

"Here, Westlake!"

As I gained him, he pointed to the splintered rung. There, wedged against the old smooth wood, was a fresh scar where a splinter had chipped off. In his hand Cobb had the splinter he had removed from the taxi driver's lapel. Slowly, with a theatrical deliberation, he lowered it into the scar. It fitted exactly.

"See what that means, Westlake?"

It paid. It means he climbed down the ladder from the loft or upstairs room. There, with one hand against the old smooth wood, was a fresh scar where a splinter had chipped off. In his hand Cobb had the splinter he had removed from the taxi driver's lapel. Slowly, with a theatrical deliberation, he lowered it into the scar. It fitted exactly.

"See what that means, Westlake?"

"It means he climbed down the ladder from the loft or upstairs room."

"How high was this rung from the floor?" asked Cobb with irritating patience.

"About two feet."

"And the splinter was on his right. Then I climbed down this ladder. And there ever have been a time when his right was only two feet from the floor?"

There couldn't, of course. I said so.

"It'd be a different matter though," said Cobb softly, "if he'd fallen or been lowered down the ladder, head first."

After that shattering remark, he shone the torch upward. At the top of the ladder I made out an open door leading into a small closet-like loft. Without a sound he started climbing the ladder. I followed him. I didn't like the way my thoughts were going at all.

Cobb reached the top of the ladder and swung himself to the loft floor. I trailed him into an odd little room walled in on all sides and with only a small window. I wouldn't imagine its function before the previous tenants had built it as a sort of hideaway for children.

The Inspector's flashlight picked out a primitive pallet bed against the rear wall. Something pale lay on the dusty floor beneath it. I recognized it immediately. It was one of the grimy white gloves the taxi driver had worn when he came to my office that evening.

"He was up here all right," I said. "That's his glove."

COBB'S torch, moving round, stopped suddenly on a pile of open cans bean cans, corned beef cans, lying in the corner.

"Yes," he said softly. "He's been here all right, and unless I'm a Dutchman, he's done more than that. Westlake, he's been living here. This has been his hideout."

That was rather staggering to think that, with the entire countryside after him, the taxi driver had been calmly living here in the Fallowfield barn, not very far from the house.

Cobb gave a little grunt as the flashlight moved on and showed a couple of china plates. One of them was broken; the other still had a crust of bread on it and the remains of a chicken bone.

"Westlake, see what that means? Someone's been bringing him food." Cobb wheeled round to me, his eyes were excited. "This murderer of yours, this guy who's bumped off one of the Hale girls, and tried to bump off the other; he's not only been living here—he's been fed . . . and protected by someone . . . someone from Fallowfield."

The implications of that were so manifold and so startling that I could not immediately grasp them. And I wasn't given the time because the flashlight had moved to the left, illuminating the far side of the little room.

The first thing I saw was an overturned chair; its back cracked and one of its legs splayed at a crazy angle. Around it were more cans strewn at random, another broken plate and an empty beer bottle.

It was only too clear that some sort of fight or struggle had taken place up here. Nothing else could explain away that fevered confusion.

Cobb sprang forward and snatched up the beer bottle.

"That bump on the back of his head," he said excitedly. "Westlake, you said it could have been made when he fell to the floor. You know that isn't true. There was hay there; he could never have cracked his head. But this . . ."

I could see his eyes faintly in the torchlight; they were very bright. "Suppose he'd been hit on the head with this. Suppose someone had come up here, struggled with him and knocked him out with this beer bottle."

The whole world seemed to be slipping away from beneath my feet.

"How does that suicide theory look now, Westlake?"

How did it look, indeed! I thought of the unnecessarily lit brazier; I thought of the surprisingly open doors. I thought . . .

He'd been hiding out up here, Westlake. Someone had been protecting him, bringing him food. And then there was a struggle up here. Suppose he had been hit on the head with the beer bottle; suppose he was lowered head first down the ladder. Suppose he was dragged across the floor to the brazier—and then shot."

He paused and added sharply: "Suicide—phooey! It's a hundred to one we've got this whole thing figured wrong. It's a hundred to one that this is another case of—murder."

XXII

COBB and I stared at each other in the pallid torchlight. Vaguely I was conscious of the brooding silence in the barn below, of the smell of staleness and dust.

"But it's—it's got to be suicide," I blurted.

And, in spite of the evidence in spite of any evidence—that had to be so. If Albert Williams had been murdered, the entire solution of the case, as I had built it, would have to topple to the ground. If anything were to make any sense at all, the whole story of Jimmie Salter's death and its tragic aftermath revealed by the taxi driver's own admission, Karen's confession and Norma's diary, had to hinge around the taxi driver's guilt and suicide. It couldn't, surely it couldn't be that my solution, so elaborately checked and counter-checked by the evidence, had been entirely false. And yet if the taxi driver had been murdered and a fake suicide staged...

"It can't be suicide if it's NOT suicide," said Cobb with a faint twinkle in his eyes. "If the taxi driver was murdered and there's evidence to prove it, then he was murdered—and we've got to start figuring all over again from there."

"But the story about Jimmie Salter's death—and Norma's death, all that . . . it got to be true!"

"Oh, sure. No reason to doubt that. In fact, we ought to doubt it even if we wanted to." Cobb spoke musingly:

"The three rearranged on Jimmie, and let the taxi driver take the rap. And that taxi driver was after them to get his revenge. Of course, that's true."

"In that case the taxi driver has to be the one who murdered Norma and tried to kill Karen and—and the committed suicide."

"Not necessarily." Cobb paused then. He flashed the torch once more around the little room and hovered. "It's mighty cold here. Let's get back downstairs to that brazier."

He acted solely for the ladderal climbed down it. I followed. We moved in silence to the brazier which still gave off passable heat. I turned my back so that I didn't have to look at the pathetic little body. Cold Cobb. He stretched out his hands to the blaze.

"Not necessarily," he repeated. "Everything fits all right with the taxi driver having murdered Norma. In fact, I think it makes better sense that way." I stared. "Just how . . .?"

"Westlake, think about Libby Crompton's death for a minute. Looks like we have that pretty straight. What did the taxi driver do? He chased her around with his taxi, got her thoroughly scared—and then held her up for money, didn't he? All she had was a thousand bucks, and he was going to get the whole amount of it out of her. She actually wrote the check, then he got scared, couldn't go through with it—and killed herself. That's true, isn't it?"

"Sure," I said. "But . . ."

"And, from the taxi driver's point of view, that was all pretty passable. Of course, he didn't know the girl was going to commit suicide. That was his tough luck. All he wanted out of her was a thousand bucks."

"That's right." I admitted.

"After that, he lay low for some months, waiting for the thing to blow over. Then he started on Norma. Now, he hadn't gotten any money out of Libby. There-

(Continued on Page 15)

PRETTY SLIP LOOKS LOVELY AS NEW AFTER 35 WASHINGS

Washing test with Ivory Flakes amazes Consumer Jury of Business Girls

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—that's the opinion of this conscientious Consumer Jury—after thorough comparison of these lovely, trim-fitting Miss Swank Slips, modeled by the Ivory Flakes Twins. Our Jury, left to right: Dot Healey, receptionist; Alice McVea, salesgirl; Jane Spear, broker's stenographer; Eleanor Whitaker, secretary. They're sold on Ivory Flakes care. We hope you are, too.

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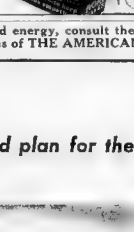

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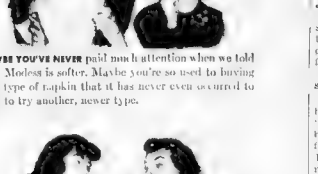

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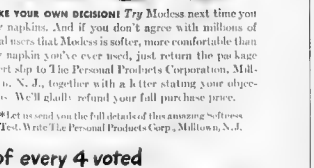

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So long as men work and dream and plan for the future, they need life insurance and the benefits it brings. So long as this is true, they should have, and do have the guidance of trained, experienced agents who are qualified to advise what type and amount of life insurance best fit people's needs and circumstances.

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(Continued from Page 14)

fore it's only reasonable to suppose he was even more in need of cash when he started on Norma. Norma was a better financial proposition than Libby. There was a far better chance of holding her up. Why should he kill a golden goose when he could easily have squeezed a couple of golden eggs out of her while she was alive?"

He paused. I could see his jaw, very firm and purposeful in the firelight.

"Westlake, think. This evening when he came to you to have his burnt hands bandaged, did the taxi driver actually admit he'd killed Norma? What were his actual words?"

I thought back. I was getting Cobb's point now. "No." I said. "He talked about having 'fixed' Libby. He talked about having scared Norma silly. He gloated over that. And I assumed he meant he'd killed them both. But he never actually said it. In fact, now I come to think of it, he mumbled something about . . . 'Everything was going fine and then—something happened.' Yes, I remember. At the time I was sure he was guilty and too het-up to figure out exactly what words he used, but . . ."

COBB'S eyes were very keen now. "There you are, Westlake. Something happened! Suppose he'd come here after Norma and Karen with exactly the same idea he'd had when he went after Libby. He figured those three girls had ruined his life and he wanted to make them pay, not with their lives, but with hard cash. He used the same technique in each case. He waited till he got them in lonely places and then chased them with the yellow taxi. His idea was to get them well scared and then when the time was ripe, sock the financial demands on them."

He paused. "Suppose that's exactly what he was doing here in Kenmore. And suppose someone else got wise to it. Suppose someone else wanted to kill Norma, suppose that person knew she was always apt to gallop up the drive, and knew that, with the taxi after her, she'd gallop twice as hard. Suppose that person stretched the wire and just neatly twisted the taxi driver's set-up around to suit his own purposes."

I WAS becoming infected with his excitement now. I forgot that this threw my original theory entirely into the discard. This was—something!

"Think how ingenious that'd be, Westlake! The whole set-up was prepared for him. All he had to do was to stretch that wire and let the taxi driver and Norma do the rest." He went on quickly: "Of course, his first hope would have been that we'd accept Norma's death as an accident. That's why he tried to remove the wire. But once that failed, he was pretty safe, because he knew that sooner or later we'd get on the trail of the taxi driver—knew we'd get around to assuming his guilt, just the way we did." He paused. "Think back to everything that taxi driver said. Before we go ahead on this we've got to be absolutely sure he didn't tell you anything that cancels all this."

As I stood there with Cobb in that rambling musty barn, with the little sprawled body at our feet, something suddenly came back to me—something the taxi driver had said and which had been entirely banished from my mind by the dramatic appearance of Judge Salter. In my memory I could see his little face, its beady eyes incandescent with vindictiveness; could hear the rasping lilt of his voice saying:

"Them girls weren't the only ones. There's someone else wants them." And then, his lust words before the Salters broke in: "Getting up on that ladder and fixing that wire. I saw . . ." At the time I had assumed, if I assumed anything, that he had been referring to himself climbing the ladder and stretching the wire. But now . . .

I repeated the words to Cobb. "He said that, Cobb. He said 'I saw.' He broke off there. Maybe he was going to say that he'd actually seen the murderer putting the wire up across the drive. Maybe that's what he meant about someone else being worse than the girls. That . . ."

"Hey, don't let's run ahead of ourselves." Cobb's voice was firm. "Figure it out a bit more from the taxi driver's point of view. Assume he came here to try and get money out of Norma and Karen. Okay. He picked on Norma. He started his war of nerves, creeping after her with the yellow taxi, all that stuff. It was all going swell for him then he chased her home when she was on horseback. She galloped up the drive . . . and he saw her fall off the horse and crash down onto the drive. Okay. So what did he do? He was scared. Of course he was. He must have been scared silly. He'd never meant to do her any physical harm and now she'd fallen off her horse, probably even killed herself, although he couldn't be sure.

"The same thing that happened with Libby Brompton had happened all over again! That makes two girls he'd chased with a yellow taxi—and both of them dead! He wasn't a very bright sort of guy. What would he think? The yellow taxi, of course! If ever the two 'accidents' got tied up, it might easily come out that each of the girls had been chased by a yellow taxi. That taxi was just too damn hot. He couldn't risk having himself linked up with it any more. So he got into a panic. He drove way off into the country and burned the taxi."

THERE was something most impressive about Cobb's slow dogged theorizing.

"Okay, Westlake. Then what? He'd burned the taxi. Maybe right after he'd done it, he realized he'd been dumb and stuck himself with no means of getting away from the neighborhood. But there he was. And, while he burned the taxi, he'd managed to burn his hands pretty badly too. He remembered having seen a doctor's shingle down in the village. He had to get his hands attended to. He trudged across country to your house. Then he didn't have the nerve to go in. He snooped around, found your hay barn and spent the night there."

"Go on," I said.

"Next day, his hands still hurt him like the devil. He couldn't do much of anything until they were fixed. He lay low and then, when he finally plucked up courage, he went to your office. You weren't there but Dawn was. And he had a certain kind of smartness. He realized Norma's death would be the gossip of the town. He pumped Dawn—and found out that the police suspected murder because a wire had been stretched across the drive."

It was fitting in beautifully. "Here's where your point comes in, Westlake. Suppose, as you say, just before the murder he HAD seen the real murderer fixing the wire across the drive. At the time he hadn't thought much about it. Why should he? And after that maybe he forgot it. But when Dawn came out with it he realized, bingo, that Norma had been murdered and murdered by the person he saw stretching the wire."

"There's someone else—worse than the guls," I quoted.

"EXACTLY." One of Cobb's feet poked at the scattered hay. What would he do then? That's pretty obvious. He'd failed twice when he'd tried to blackmail Libby and Norma. But here was a real, rip-snorting chance for successful blackmail. He knew who the murderer was—and the murderer could be made to pay. So he went over to Fallowfield confronted the murderer with his guilt and said: 'How about coming across?'

"And in fact he played straight into the murderer's hands." I cut in. "The real murderer was all set to make the taxi driver the scapegoat. He probably stalled him off, gave him shelter here in the barn and then waited. He knew sooner or later, we'd get onto the whole taxi driver saga and assume that the taxi driver was guilty. Then, just at the right moment, when we were all out to arrest the taxi driver, he murdered him and faked a suicide. With any luck, the whole case would have been considered solved then and wiped off the records."

"Precisely."

"Nope." Cobb paused. "But if that attack on Karen was genuine. Francis Hale gave us the motive. Isn't he? The Rosses and the others all stood to benefit if the girl Jo Shuttleworth was murdered before Dawn could get married."

"You mean the attack on Karen was genuine?"

"Yeah. I was just thinking. Anyway, Westlake, we know one thing. If Norma was murdered that way, it was by someone who knew the whole Jimmie Salter-Libby Brompton saga. Which of them was likely to have known that?"

I thought of the grim wall of silence with which both the girls had greeted the question.

"I guess somebody might have told Norma," I said. "Or Dawn, or Karen, even, could have told Norma. It's possible she might have told him though I'm pretty sure she wouldn't."

"Couldn't tell us." Cobb sounded rather far away. "He was the one we've got to find. The driver's body, mate, wasn't he? At least he wasn't when I left."

"Cobb, you don't think . . ."

"I was just thinking that no one's paid us the attention to find young man, Westlake. Yet, he's worth thinking about. I'm no psychologist, but it strikes me as pretty strange that a young fellow should be in love with one identical twin and then decide to marry her sister and, at the last minute, switch back to the first one and jilt the second one. That's why I said IF the attack on Karen was genuine." He turned to me. "Know anything about Church's financial situation?"

"Nothing at all. How does that connect up anyway?"

"Just an idea." Cobb's voice was silky now. I knew that of old as a sinister sign. "Listen, Westlake, this Church guy was engaged to marry Norma. If he'd gone through with it, immediately after the ceremony he'd have gotten Norma a twenty thousand a year plus half of Jimmie's. In other words, thirty thousand a year would have come with Norma. Right?"

"Right," I said.

"Now that's a tidy enough stake for even the hungriest fortune hunter. But there is a snag. Vincent Shipton's will left things Norma could never get at the

(Continued on Page 18)

Will Cobb's New Clues Lead to the Taxi Driver's Mysterious Murderer?

The Movies' First Hero Still on the Job

WALTER Cameron, the man who played the gun-totin' hero in the screen's first motion picture, "The Great Train Robbery," is still living and, quite appropriately, in Hollywood. His unique position in film history unknown to all but a few of present-day movie fans, he has for many years been making a comfortable living, not by acting, but by supplying horses and burros for the movie makers. Now 73 years of age, he operates the Ben Hur Stables, in Culver City, California, where he has been in business for the past 18 years.

Thirty-six years ago Cameron played the sheriff in the first story-telling motion picture ever made. This picture, "The Great Train Robbery," was the feature that started the film industry on its way to million-dollar productions.

Before this there had been a few short films that were regarded more or less as photographic curiosities. It was this trail-blazing little crook story that turned pictures from an experimental novelty into a medium of theatrical entertainment.

In those early days, when no one could predict how a movie would turn out, no actor of any appreciable professional standing could be induced to appear in them. Thus when this first film went into production Walter Cameron was picked to portray the sheriff, not for artistic reasons, but because he had been a deputy U. S. marshal in Oklahoma Territory. The producer, Edwin S. Porter, was also author and director of the film, and he used incidents from Cameron's own two-gun career to bolster up his simple story of a holdup and a chase. A certain George Barnes played the crook who did the holding-up, and Cameron did the chasing.

Being the first of its kind, the screen drama was hailed with delight, while the executives of the Edison Company, of New York, who had lent both moral and financial support studied the picture and the public's reaction with great interest.

"For that picture they paid me $35," says Cameron, "and it seemed like a pretty good fee. Nowadays most of my horses make that much in a single day. Moreover, in those early days we not only acted but we helped set the stage, dragged the camera around, gathered 'props' and swept the floor. We weren't glamour boys or girls in those days.

"The chase in our one-reel 'Great Train Robbery' was the forerunner of what are known in pictures as 'chases,' a term that describes anything with plenty of action, thrills and suspense.

"Our producer-director had a number of ideas that are in use to this day. The close-up was one of them. For our train sequence Porter talked the Lackawanna railroad into renting us a train that ran on a narrow gauge road over in New Jersey. This costs $45 a day and sent the picture's budget up to $2,000—a staggering price in the days when $300 was all that the little experimental films had been costing.

"I remember we took one shot of the train crossing a bridge, and we had a dummy tossed out of the cab window. Then we went over to a park and took shots of myself and the posse chasing Barnes. Most of our players were people we picked up from park benches and who worked in the picture just for the fun of it. It was fun, too, but not being regular actors most of them kept falling off their horses and the scene would have to be shot over and over.

"We got by, somehow, and we finished that epoch-marking opus in five days. We had a thrilling final shot, I remember, in which the bandit chief appeared in a close-up and fired point blank at the audience. All the kids and women screamed, because it was so realistic."

Following the "Great Train Robbery" Cameron appeared in over 200 other films.

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You have a Date with Loveliness!

Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—based on advice of skin specialists!

"I'm very proud of my lovelier complexion now. I owe it to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet," says Mrs. [illegible] Thornton, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala.

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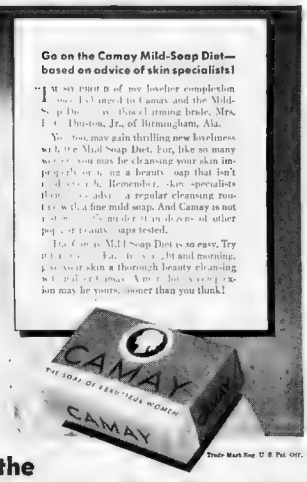
The Camay Mild Soap Diet is so easy. Try it tonight. Then tonight and morning, give your skin a thorough beauty cleansing with gentle Camay. A lovelier complexion may be yours, sooner than you think!



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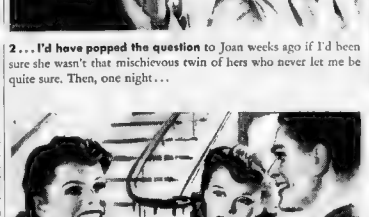
Tonight—start the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

HOW TO TELL TWINS APART or Pepsodent to the Rescue

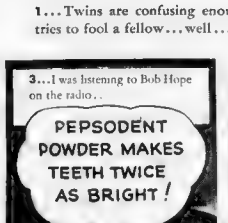
1...Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow...well...I was all at sea...

2...I'd have popped the question to Joan weeks ago if I'd been sure she wasn't that mischievous twin of hers who never let me be quite sure. Then, one night...

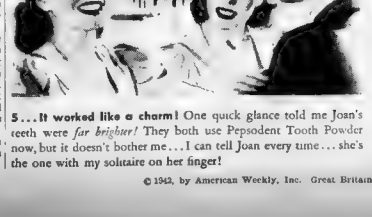


3...I was listening to Bob Hope on the radio...

PEPSODENT POWDER MAKES TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT!



4...Suddenly we had a wonderful idea... Joan and I decided to turn the tables on her twin sister. Joan switched to Pepsodent Powder. Her twin kept right on using her old brand.

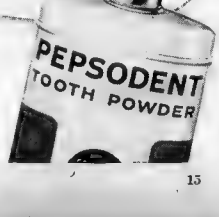


5...It worked like a charm! One quick glance told me Joan's teeth were *far brighter!* They both use Pepsodent Tooth Powder now, but it doesn't bother me... I can tell Joan every time... she's the one with my solitaire on her finger!

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER CAN MAKE TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS.

6...Independent Laboratories have proved this scientific fact after exhaustive tests. No other leading tooth powder can give your teeth Pepsodent's high degree of lustre, because only Pepsodent contains Composite Metaphosphate, the remarkable, safe-polishing ingredient patented by Pepsodent. Double your chances by making your teeth Twice as Bright. Get Pepsodent Tooth Powder today.

"Seeing Double"—an interesting booklet telling a true story of identical twins and their experiences is free for the asking. Simply write Dept. 3102, The Pepsodent Company, Chicago, Illinois.



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REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

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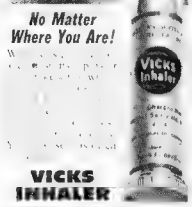

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MENTHOLATUM stands between YOU and COLD MISERY

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SMART FASHIONS FOR MILADY!

THE easy-to-use dress patterns that appear in this and every issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY bring the season's newest styles within reach of all discerning women readers. Look for the smart patterns in this issue!

CLEVER WOODEN DECOYS THAT FOOL LIVE DUCKS

IF all the decoys which hunters use to lure ducks, geese and other birds within gunshot in this country were laid end to end it probably would form a feather navy stretching from the rock-bound coast of Maine to Florida's sandy tip.

And if all the good decoys were separated from the badly made ones the inanimate birds would be geese fashioned by Lem Ward, famous artist who makes decoys as a sideline which has carried their names and their reputations to sportsmen from one end of the country to the other.

These men who sculpture on behalf of the nation's hunters have made a careful study of the country's waterfowl, especially ducks and geese. They know the size, shape and coloring of a Canada Goose from the end of its rounded bill to the tip of its tail. They know exactly how this handsome bird looks in the water and on the wing. They put every bit of this knowledge into their wooden versions of the creature.

Their working models of the pintail duck are equally authentic.

Such decoys are popular with duck hunters interested in the conservation of waterfowl, according to Ducks Unlimited, an organization of American and Canadian sportsmen. The officials of this growing group say that realistic decoys bring the birds much closer to the hunters' guns so that there are more clean shots and fewer crippled birds left behind to suffer.

THREE LIONS PHOTOS

The Picture Above Shows a Flock of Man-Made Canada Geese "Swimming" on Dry Land.

The Remarkably Realistic Birds Shown Below Are Wooden Replicas of a Pintail Drake and His Mate.

The Wily Canadian Goose Is Often Fooled by Such Realistic Wooden Sculptures of Itself as the Life-Sized Decoy Shown in the Photograph Above.

Ridin' Trail Back to The Old Wild West

(Continued from Double Page)

hole without ever pulling a gun.

He was down in Carson City a few months later, still enjoying his reputation and expecting everybody to hunt a wide spot in the trail when he came along.

'This is my birthday," he announced one morning. "Fighting Sam's gonna have a man for supper 'fore th' day's over. Can't guess a day like this to celebrate."

With Alex Henderson, a fellow he'd picked up in Carson, Brown mounted his horse and started north. A few miles from Genoa they reined up at a trail-side tavern run by Henry Van Sickle, a good-natured Dutchman who set a middlin' fair table for frontier times, minded his own business, and tried to keep out of trouble. He was just the sort Fighting Sam loved to pick on to shoot. At least Sam thought he was.

The tavern-keeper's customers were just sitting down to supper when Brown and his partner rode up. Brown swung out of the saddle as Van Sickle walked out to the hitching rack.

"You're just in time, gents. Can I put your horses up?"

"Nope. I wouldn't eat your grub," Brown pulled a pistol as he spoke. "I've come to kill yuh for my birthday."

Van Sickle was unarmed. He looked into the house before Fighting Sam could draw a bead on him. Brown got a full view of the bar. There were too many people inside for his kind of a game, so cussing about "th' damn cowardly Dutchman," he stuffed back to his horse and rode on.

But the "cowardly Dutchman" was mad. He knew Fighting Sam's reputation as a killer, but he didn't wait for help. He grabbed up a double-barreled shotgun, jumped onto one of the saddled horses and lit out after the badman.

He overtook Brown in a couple miles, and let fly with both barrels. He knocked the outlaw out of the saddle but just stung him. Brown blazed away with his pistols, keeping Van Sickle at a safe distance until he could get back on his horse.

Then he took a side trail and hid out until after dark, but Van Sickle didn't give up. He rode on to the next station and waited. An hour or two later he heard the clop of a horse's hooves and the jangle of the big spurs Fighting Sam always wore.

He waited until Brown swung out of the saddle, then stepped out of the shadows.

"Sam, you won't kill nobody else." The Dutchman's voice was cold but deadly. "I shoots you now!"

With the last words Van Sickle pulled the trigger. A double charge of buckshot brought an end to Virginia City's first badman.

A GUN-FIGHTER of a different type was Langford Peel, "Farmer" Peel as they called him. He was the steely-eyed, quiet kind who always gave the other fellow a chance, but when they went for their guns you had to get out of shooting range fast.

He landed in Virginia City fresh from a killing in Salt Lake, but he wasn't boasting about it.

The camp had a pretty sizable assortment of fellows who were quick on the trigger when Peel arrived. He wasn't inviting trouble, but some of the others were. One of them, Dick Paddock, kept prodding Peel in the Howling Wilderness one night. Peel stood his ground, but fighting words were beginning to fly.

"Do yuh want to take it up?" Dick asked him.

"Suits me." Peel's voice was about the coolest in the room.

"How'll yuh have it?"

"Any way you like."

"All right. Pistols at thirty paces. Come outside."

As calm as if he was walking to the bar for a drink, Peel walked into the street, backed up

(Continued on Page 17)

NO, Sister, they're not coming over here — not if all the power of American ships and planes, and all the sacrifice of American men can stop them.

But they may try.

If they try, some may get through, for it is a wide sky, and bombs may crash here as they crashed on far-away Hawaii and in the distant Philippines.

Or even if they don't try, the work of enemies within our own gates may bring fires, explosions, damage to our busy defense plants.

So we must be ready—just in case.

Ready with quick help for the hurt and the suffering. Ready with merciful aid that is still great in America's heart, even in a world where such things as mercy and decency seem no longer to exist.

That's the job of the Red Cross — to dispense that merciful care and help wherever and whenever pain and suffering exist.

It's a big job, that will call for every effort the hundreds of thousands of Red Cross workers — nurses, disaster fighters and volunteer helpers — can put forth.

It will call for vast stores of medicines and supplies, food and clothing, bandages and equipment.

It will demand every penny of the fifty million dollars the Red Cross is now asking for, and more.

So every bit helps, Sister.

Every dollar your Daddy can bring up from the bottom of his pocket, every penny any man or woman can add to the check he or she writes now for the Red Cross.

The brave men awing, afloat and afield who take care of us sometimes need care too, and we must give it.

We give it when we give to the Red Cross, whether it be a little or a lot.

Send contributions to your local chapter

American Red Cross War Fund Campaign

Give and give generously — to your local chapter — to volunteer solicitors. Give when you can, where you can, as much as you can.

This space contributed to the American Red Cross by the publishers

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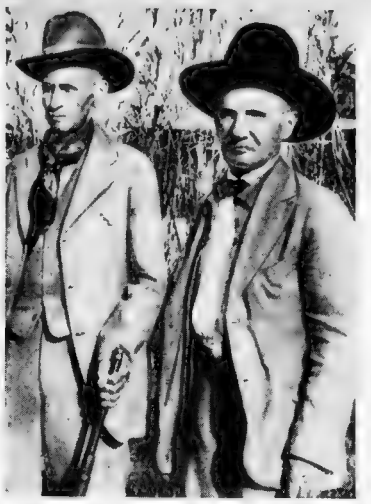
RIDIN' TRAIL BACK TO THE OLD WILD WEST



Charlie Siringo, Noted Nemesis of Western Badmen (Left) With Frank Murphy, Author of This Series on the Old Wild West.

(Continued from Page 16)

to the challenger, stepped off the thirty paces

When his foot hit the last step he whirled like a cat. Before Paddock fired a shot Farmer Peel had knocked his gun out of his hand with one bullet and drilled a hole through his chest with the second one.

Soon after Peel had accommodated Paddock, "El Dorado Johnny" who though he was pretty tough, served notice that he was going to take Peel's measure the first time they met.

"He knows where he can find me," was all Peel had to say

El Dorado Johnny's judgment was bad, but his foresight was mighty good. He first went to a barbershop, ordered a shave, got his hair cut and his boots shined.

"What's up, Johnny?" the barber wanted to know. "Goin' to a weddin'?"

"Nope, I'm goin' to a funeral. It may be mine. I wanta look nice."

He was right. Peel got him with the first shot, without mussing up a hair. The boys said he was one of the nicest-looking corpses they ever buried in Boot Hill

But Peel, like most of the rest of his kind, died a few months later with his boots on. John Bull, a former partner, shot and killed him up at Helena, Montana

Most of the shooting scrapes were over something that didn't amount to much. It might be just a barroom argument. A good many killings grew out of rows over the gambling tables. The free and easy affections of the dancehall gals brought out a lot of smoking six-shooters.

Sometimes there wasn't even that much excuse for gunplay. There was the killing of a fellow named West by Charley Hymer They were at a dancehall shindig The place was crowded, as it usually was

Between sets West started looking for a place to sit down long enough to cool his boots. Every seat around the wall was taken He walked up to a chair where Hymer was sitting, turned around and planted himself right on Hymer's lap

"Yuh better git up," Hymer told him.

"It ain't no feather tick," West replied, "but it'll do in a pinch."

"If yuh don't fan on yuh'll be restin' stretched out," Hymer warned as he drew his pistol out of the holster

He put the gun against West's side and pulled the trigger.

They hung Hymer for being so unaccommodating

The row was about like another one that took place at the opera house. Gus Botta and Jesse Bigelow got into a rumpus over their seats for the show. Bigelow settled it with five shots.

THERE were lots of skin games - games that didn't mean scalping an Indian either—in all the old mining camps, too. They called it "trimmin' a sucker." And Virginia City had more than its share.

They figured out some smart new wrinkles to hook 'em. In the Forty-niner camps, where it was mostly placer mining, the tricky boys used to "salt" a claim by scattering gold nuggets in the gravel. Sometimes they'd load a shotgun with gold dust and fire it into a hole. They'd find a sucker, then stand back while he washed out a couple pans of the rich dirt, and collect his money for the claim

One sap was fooled by a sleight-of-hand performer who pretended to be digging nuggets out of the bark of a pine tree with his knife The trickster let on like they got stuck there when the tree was growing

The yahoo got so excited over picking gold off trees that he bought a dozen, expecting to chop down a fortune

The men weren't the only ones who could put over a sock deal. A prospector walked into an assay office one day and laid down a piece of rock.

"What is this?" he asked

"Mica," the assayer said, after examining it a minute

What ' Ain't it silver ore?"

No, my friend, there's not a trace of silver in it."

"Well, what's this mica worth an ounce?" the miner asked

Nothing. You couldn't get a penny for a mountain of it"

The miner pushed back his floppy hat and scratched his head in deep thought. Then, as he turned slowly to leave, he burst out:

"Great day! An' I've jus' married a widow with eight kids because she owns a ledge of this stuff "

At Virginia City they had to use a new line of tricks, but they weren't hard to put over because the lode was so rich and the tales of great strikes so wild that everybody figured he was right on the edge of being a millionaire over night You could sell shares in anything and the suckers would fight to buy, afraid they were losing out on a good thing. A "foot" of stock in somebody's claim would sell for ten dollars in the morning. By night some fellow would be begging to buy it at a hundred. That's the way the wild scramble went. Anybody could be a Washoe Millionaire—on paper

When the greenhorns that fell for worthless silver and gold claims had been pretty well harvested a slicker worked the biggest hoax of them all. He began whispering around that he'd found a ledge of ambergris

"Now don't go talkin' about this," he'd say to a man after leading him off into a quiet corner, "because it's th' biggest thing ever."

I reckon there wasn't one in a hundred knew what ambergris was.

"That's th' stuff they make perfume out of," the slicker would explain. "It's worth hundreds of dollars a pound. An' there's tons of it I can't lettin' but jus' a few in on it, so keep your mouth shut."

In no time at all there was a big scramble to buy shares in the ambergris mine. Course the suckers didn't know there weren't any mountain-climbing whales, but some of 'em would have swallowed that, too

After the ambergris mine story blew up the spirits got busy again. Just like they set old Pete O'Riley to digging in the side of a mountain after a cavern full of gold, the voices began talking to a fellow called Joe Grigg The spirits told Joe the whole dome of Mount Davidson was full of coal oil.

So Joe started to work to tap it. He went it alone for a while digging and blasting a tunnel into the mountain where the spirits said he'd hit the great reservoir. Finally he told some others about his great secret. They stumbled over each other to get in on it.

Everybody in Virginia City who believed in spirits wanted an interest, so they formed the Mount Davidson Oil Company and a new bunch of suckers was all ready to see a fortune come spurting out of the mountain.

Joe kept plugging away under his medium's direction until one day a terrible thought struck him

"What if th' next blast hits it?" he pondered "All that oil will pour down th' canyon an' drown everybody."

Thoughts of the terrible fate that awaited him if that happened scared him so he ran out of the tunnel and fled the country so he wouldn't be blamed for flooding Nevada with coal oil.

VIRGINIA City had its Vigilantes, like most all the other camps. I reckon some folks got sort of tired finding a body or two in the street every morning.

A fellow named Arthur Perkins pulled his pistol one night at the International Bar. Before he put it back in his belt another man was stretched out in the sawdust.

Perkins was arrested and put in jail. I don't know how that happened. They ordinarily didn't bother to jail you for just killing a man

The next night a big bunch of men, several hundred of them, all armed with rifles, appeared. They blocked off the streets leading to the jail And they didn't have much to say. If anybody got curious and tried to go through the line there was just one gruff command:

"Go back"'

About twenty went into the jail and took the keys away from the jailer. That official was sound asleep. He was careful not to wake up until it was all over.

In the cell with Perkins was a fellow who'd been thrown in for shooting his wife She must have deserved it because they didn't bother him. But he thought the Vigilantes were after him and began yelling "goodby" to everybody.

The executioners opened the cell door.

"Come on out. We want you," was all they said.

The pair walked out together. The Vigilantes had a hard time keeping the wife-shooter from sticking his head in the noose. Maybe he wanted to be hung Finally, they gave him a shove

"Get back in there' We don't want you"

Perkins was marched in a square of armed men to an open mining shaft It was usual for men to die in their boots but Perkins only had one on. He fussed all the way to the gallows because they hadn't given him time enough to get the other on too.

"Don't worry," they told him "They won't do you no good where you're goin'."

After the noose was fitted around Perkins' neck a plank was placed across the shaft, for him to stand on until the men jerked it from under him. But they didn't have to do that When he saw the jig was up he helped to see that everything went off without trouble. Before the signal to pull the plank he jumped up in the air and died in a hurry.

The body was still hanging there the next morning. On it was pinned a slip of paper with the figures "601" written on it.

From that time on the mysterious "601" threw fear into a lot of black hearts. I think "601" stood for the number of men on the Vigilantes' rolls. Whenever a fellow got too free and easy with his shootin' irons a man usually walked up to him and slipped him a little piece of paper. It was a notice signed "601" not to let the sun set on him again in Virginia City. That was good enough for most of them

George Kirk was a bad actor who'd been given a "601" notice to decamp. He left all right, but George made the mistake of coming back. The Vigilantes took him in hand. The next morning his body was hanging from a water [illegible]

They tell about a stranger who landed in town just in time to see the swinging body

"Hang himself?" he asked

"Nope, the Vigilantes hung 'im."

"What'd they do that fer?"

"Cause they'd told him to git outa town an' he came back."

[illegible] said. This feller came back an' he's gonna stay, ain't he?"

Next week I'll tell you about Bodie, where they raised more hell to the runnin' foot than any boom camp I know of; and about one of the strangest friendships in all the old West.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

LANA TURNER, NOW STARRING IN "JOHNNY EAGER," AN M-G-M PICTURE

"I'm the Honey Skin Type," confides Lana Turner to Louella Parsons, famous Movieland Commentator, "and I've learned that to get anywhere in Hollywood, you must dramatize your type. Well, not till I tried Woodbury Color Controlled Powder did I find my 'Skin Twin'. The new Rachel shade works miracles for me!" It's true, Lana! Hollywood directors classify all beauty into 5 skin types. And now Woodbury's 4 color Control process makes the dream of an ideal powder shade for each type come true! Get this clearer, truer, finer, longer-clinging Woodbury. In every fragrant box a chart shows you your type, your shade. Today, find new glamour, new romance!

WOODBURY
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OLD FOLKS can serve their country—just by keeping well. As a valuable help in building up their resistance—as well as to aid the body recuperate when run-down for lack of *Vitamins A and D—many doctors strongly recommend taking Scott's Emulsion regularly. The reason this pleasant-tasting, economical tonic is so good for older people—and for youngsters too—is, it's rich in these vital elements* we all need. Then, too, an exclusive emulsifying process makes it easy even for delicate systems to take and retain. Buy today at your druggist!

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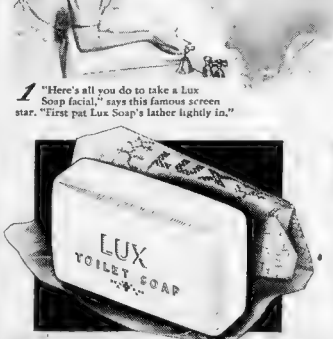

1 "Here's all you do to take a Lux Soap facial," says this famous screen star. "First pat Lux Soap's lather lightly in."

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(Continued from Page 15)

capital just because I do. If for example Church has been in financial straits of late, he could lot of money. Or he could maybe get a job and increase his income. I don't see why Nora just supposes that I should

I started at the beginning. "Just suppose I do want to marry Karen over Norma's dead body. Just suppose I do want to marry her. I wouldn't have to commit murder to get her. Norma and I were to be divorced in a year would probably marry Karen. That," he added, "is the point I've been trying to make."

This seemed to be the point of course, but I thought the prosecuting attorney looked cash. He merely smiled and an unpleasant manner.

At last Mr. Cobb, Sr., [illegible] to the point. I don't believe Norma's death to enable you to marry Karen would be a motive for murder. Still, I don't suppose Karen likes to [illegible] well be the safest [illegible] I should suggest [illegible]."

You see, Mr. Cobb, I am not [illegible] behind the [illegible] The fact is, I was the first person to call the police when I found Norma dead. Very good. But I had had my head and the [illegible] Hmm, of course, there is a flaw. If I [illegible] quickly for [illegible] to marry Karen quickly. And what with excitement [illegible] the way they are [illegible] carry one [illegible] other sister, [illegible] pistol. No, I just [illegible] that."

We stood there together [illegible] do so I noticed that in spite of the glare from the brazier, the hall was very cold. I also started wondering why on earth the Coroner had not arrived.

Cobb shook his head. When he spoke again it was on another matter. "Well, I guess we'd better get a little out of doors. I'd better get back to the house and see what's happened to the Coroner."

As we spoke, crunching footsteps sounded from the darkness behind us. We turned. It was Dr. Bevan Rowley standing at the threshold of the barn. His expression was curiously tentative.

"So here you are, Inspector. Are you coming back to the house soon?"

"Sure. I was coming right away." Cobb looked at him. "There's nothing wrong, is there?"

"Why — er — no." Rowley looked uncomfortable to say the least of it. "It's just that my wife wants to speak to you. You see she figures that now since the case is solved since the taxi driver committed suicide and . . ."

"Yes."

Rowley looked down at his hands and then up again abruptly. "Personally I think it's crazy. But Persis is all for it. She's given her consent and I guess that I as a doctor, too, haven't much of a say."

"A say to what?"

"It's Karen and Oliver," said Rowley. "Persis says it's all right provided you give your permission. They want to go away tonight, right now and get married."

XXIII

GET married . . ."

That actually it could not have been more dramatically timed. Cobb's theoretical case against Oliver was still ringing in our ears. If Oliver could murder Norma in the hope of marrying Karen quickly. And he couldn't possibly do that . . .

The pencil he'd chewed.

We both stood at Rowley without making much attempt to conceal our astonishment. It seemed none too much for it either.

"Personally, I think Karen and Oliver should wait at least for a decent interval," he said. "There's no earthly need for all this mad rush. But they seem to be set on it. And my wife's backing them up. How about it, Inspector? Is it okay with you to have them leave tonight?"

Cobb's jawbone was [illegible] prominent. "It certainly isn't okay with me. Come on back to the house Rowley. It's time Karen and Church and all of you know just where I stand." He glanced at me. "You'd better stay here, Westlake, until the Coroner arrives." His gaze moved to the brazier in which the coal was still burning brightly. "And you'd better pour water on that thing, too. We don't want to have the barn burn down."

"There's a faucet over in the corner," said Rowley. "I think there's a bucket there too. Let me . . ."

"No Westlake can do it. Here, Westlake take my flashlight."

Cobb was obviously impatient to be gone. He nodded to Rowley and the two men hurried away, leaving me alone with the brazier and the forlorn little corpse which had once been the man known as Albert Williams.

It was obvious that Karen and Oliver's fantastic proposal to elope would start fireworks [illegible] at the house. I hated having to discuss them and hoped against hope that the belated Coroner would soon put in an appearance.

Cobb was right about the brazier being a fire-hazard. It had been raised on some bricks to keep it from direct contact with the floor boards. Even so, fragments of burning wood had spilled out and were glowing perilously on the hay scattered planks. Switching on the flashlight, I found my way to the corner Rowley had indicated. A faucet was there and an old rusty bucket. I drew water and carried it back to the brazier.

Just as I had the bucket tilted over the flames, something in the burning core of the fire caught my attention—something shining and metallic. I peered more closely and recognized it as a spent cartridge.

SO THAT, then, was what had happened. The taxi driver could have been shot right here by the brazier and the empty cartridge had been ejected from the automatic into the fire. No wonder Cobb and I had failed to discover it.

I poured the water into the brazier. When the last glimmer of flame had flickered out, I turned on the flashlight again and poked around in the dead ashes until I located the cartridge. Cobb would want it. I tapped it into my pocket.

Now that the fire was extinguished, it was miserably cold in the barn. I started tramping back and forth glumly, wondering what had happened at the house and cursing the Coroner.

He arrived at last, hurrying fussily in with three of his men. He was [illegible] with [illegible] mouth, gave [illegible] and that reason [illegible] not having arrived earlier. I could wish no more quickly as possible, outlining what had happened and turning the corpse over to him. After about five minutes I was on my way back to the house.

I had intended to give Cobb the empty cartridge as soon as I saw him, but once I entered the Rowleys' living room I forgot about it. The scene there was even more tense than I had anticipated. All the inhabitants of Fallowfield were grouped around the large room like characters in a play. The Hales, very smooth and fashionable, lounged on a couch, smoking cigarettes. Colonel and Mrs. Salter stood stiffly together by the window. Persis and David Rowley were at the mantel their backs to the blazing fire.

But it was Karen and Oliver who held the center of the stage. Hand in hand, looking very defiant, they stood in the middle of the room. Both of them were staring at the large, impassive figure of Inspector Cobb.

The Inspector glanced at me as I entered, nodded and then turned back to the two young people. His blunt, blue-eyed face was ominously placid.

"Yes, Miss Hale?"

"Why can't we go tonight?" Karen asked. "Oh, I know it may seem callous to you to want to marry so soon after poor Norma. But it isn't callous. We . . . we have our reasons. We . . ." She paused and then added sharply: "And I don't see what it has to do with you, anyway. This ghastly thing has all been cleared up now. You know the taxi driver killed Norma—and now he's dead. There's nothing more . . ."

"It's not quite as simple as that, I'm afraid, Miss Hale." Cobb spoke to Karen, but I noticed that his eyes were fixed on Oliver Church. I knew pretty much of what was going on in his mind. "There are still quite a few things to clear up."

Karen glanced rather wildly at me. "But Doctor Westlake knows everything. I know about it. He's probably told you already. And if he hasn't, he—he can. I told him everything."

"It's not that," said Cobb. "There's plenty beside that. Plenty to clear up about this death that happened tonight."

"What do you mean?" The words came explosively from Oliver. "You're not trying to hint that he . . . he didn't commit suicide?"

HE COULD not possibly have made a more unfortunate remark. From the slight tightening of Cobb's lips, I could tell that the Inspector had given it its most damning interpretation. Surely he was going to drop his bombshell now and tell them that Albert Williams had been murdered. I waited. But when he spoke, his voice was almost mild and he merely said:

"You were the one who actually discovered the body, weren't you, Mr. Church?"

"Why, yes." Oliver paused. I told Westlake all about it. Do I have to repeat it over again?"

"Yes, you do."

"Well, just about ten minutes or so before the shot was fired, Karen and I decided to go out for a stroll in the garden. Karen had to go up and put on warm things. I didn't wait for her. I went out by myself and I walked over in the direction of the barn. I was about half way there when I heard the shot. I ran toward it, of course. And I found the man lying there in the barn by the brazier. That's all. I was just standing there, kind of staring stupidly down at him when Karen came. A couple of minutes later all the rest of them arrived."

"I see." Cobb looked down at the carpet as if its elaborate oriental design interested him more than the situation in hand. "And the rest of you? Where were you all when the shot was fired?"

Mrs. Hale was the first to speak. She looked around her with an unnecessarily bright and social smile. "It was such a beautiful night and the house was sort of depressing. The Salters and my husband and I had all gone for a little walk before turning in. About three minutes before we heard the shot, Francis and I left the Salters up in the meadow and started back to the house. When we heard the shot, we ran in the direction it came from. Before we reached the barn, the Salters and David and Doctor Westlake caught up with us."

"That is correct," put in Mrs. Salter with sudden firmness.

I checked on it, too, telling Cobb how the Rowleys and I had been in the house at the time of the shot.

Cobb nodded. There was only one thing to be deduced from that information, of course. The Inspector turned back to Oliver, his eyes very steady.

"Then, except for Miss Hale, you were the only one who was alone when the shot was fired, Mr. Church. You are the only one without an alibi."

"Alibi!" Karen echoed the word sharply.

Oliver said: "I don't get it. What's this talk about alibis? Why . . ."

Once again Cobb ignored his question. Very slowly he put his hand into his pocket and brought out the automatic which had killed Albert Williams. With delicate fingers he removed the silk handkerchief and then he held the gun out on the palm of his hand.

"I'm just wondering," he said, "if anyone in this room happens to know who owned this gun. I guess none of you had much of a chance to see it properly in the barn."

In a silence that was suddenly crisp, he moved from group to group, holding the gun out to each person in turn. Mrs. Rowley, Mr. Rowley, Mrs. Salter, the Judge—none of them showed any sign of recognition. The Inspector passed on to the Hales.

Mrs. Hale shook her smart coiffure and made a grimace of distaste. "Would I know one of those things from another."

Her husband's reaction, however, was very different. With a little grunt, half of surprise, half of interest, he leaned forward and scrutinized the gun carefully. Then, with a quizzical lift to his eyebrows, he turned to Oliver.

"Here, Oliver, come take a look. Isn't this the automatic you were using at target practice last week? If it isn't, it's a dead ringer for it."

THE silence was excruciating now. Very slowly Oliver turned. His dark face was gaunt, oddly defenseless, as he strode across the room, using Francis Hale and Inspector Cobb. He stared down at the gun. His hand went out toward it and then dropped his side.

In a smaleak voice he said: "Yes, yes it seems to be my gun."

Frank Hale's eyes showed a faint gleam of satisfaction.

"Oh!" Karen swirled across the room to Oliver and gripped his arm, staring at the automatic.

"But I don't understand." The young man was looking at the Inspector. "I . . . I keep my gun upstairs in my room. How could the taxi driver have gotten it? It's crazy. It . . . it can't be true."

There was a slight smile on Cobb's mouth. "Thank you gentlemen, you've told me what I wanted to know."

"But you've got to explain, Inspector." David Rowley was gazing incredulously at Cobb. "How could the taxi driver have taken Oliver's gun?"

"The taxi driver didn't take the gun." Cobb moved into the center of the room with a deliberation that was unconscious by theatrics. "There's something I have to tell you people, Mr. Church seems to have got onto it already. I don't quite know why. He was right in questioning whether this second death was a suicide. You see, the man who went under the alias of Albert Williams didn't kill himself tonight—he was murdered."

It was out now!

"Murdered!" The word spattered around the room like machine-gun fire. I noticed Persis Rowley's face turn pale. Karen gave a little sob.

"It's not true. It can't be true."

"It is true, Miss Hale. Someone murdered Albert Williams tonight and faked it to look like a suicide. Unless I'm very much mistaken that same person murdered Norma. So you see, this case is still very far from being solved. At least . . ." his eyes fixed on Oliver's face were hard— "it may help to solve it, provided Mr. Church can give a reasonable explanation why his gun was used to do the killing and why he is the only one of you without an alibi for the time of the murder."

From the beginning I had known, of course, that Cobb had been doggedly building on his theory of Oliver's guilt. But until the truth about the gun had come out, he had held back from making any accusation. There was nothing to stop him now.

Everyone in the room was staring at Oliver. But it was Karen who attracted my attention. There was a dreadful, haunted incredulity on her face.

"Oliver . . . don't you see? He's accusing you. He must be mad. He's trying to say that you killed this man and that you killed Norma. He's . . ."

"I have made no accusations, Miss Hale," said Cobb quietly. "I'm only trying to make it clear that even though Mr. Church has managed to persuade you into running away to marry him, he's going to have a hard time persuading me to sanction it."

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

The events and characters depicted in this serial are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence.

RIDDLE in RED

Seeking to Discover Fresh Light on the Strange Death of the Taxi Driver, Cobb Swings Himself to the Floor of the Barn Loft, as Dr. Westlake Hurried Up the Ladder to Join Him.

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SENSATIONAL new flower novelty, Azaleamum is world's greatest flowering plant! Six vivid new colors, gives an entire garden in itself, with breath-taking beauty for 3 solid months! First year grows bushel-basket size, produces hundreds of big, rich blooms—a gorgeous color spectacle! Sheehan, N. H., says: "Exceptionally large, 8 feet around." Bernard, Ill.: "You say 600 flowers. I'll bet there are 1000 on single plant!" Wood, Mich., counted 2,928 blooms on a first-year plant!

Above bloom is about half actual size

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Just imagine each plant covered with these great, rich blooms each year. All Azaleamum type plants are hardy perennials, blossom each year right up until frost.

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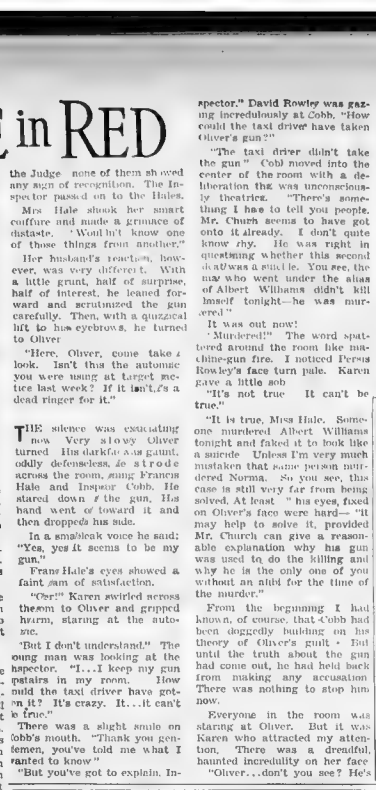

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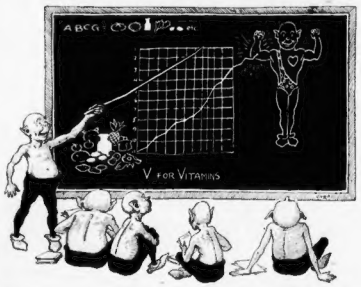
Making Nutrition Work for Your Family

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.



FOREMOST among the agencies working most effectively in imparting more information to consumers about the relation of foods to both physical and mental efficiency, is the American National Red Cross. Today, throughout its 3,700 chapters active in this study, there are being conducted classes, courses and demonstrations of many types to teach women everywhere, and of all income levels, what is meant by scientific feeding for "optimum health."

Home-makers, business women, Girl Scouts, and women of many differing racial backgrounds are meeting in a unified group to approach and master this newly-developed presentation to further family and community food and health habits. And the most remarkable angle of this work lies, perhaps, in this fact: Such courses are standardized throughout the entire nation, and follow one standard nutrition course. One textbook, one accepted outline, is nationally followed.

This unique standardization in teaching nutrition was made possible by the great forward step taken after the meeting last June of the Committee on Food and Nutrition of the National Research Council. At this time, a joint effort of dieticians, doctors, child specialists, etc., worked in collaboration to revise the whole subject of human feeding, and bring it up to date. In short, what was the last word on the food needs of all persons, of different sex, age and activity?

In the graphic and helpful charts prepared at this time (and now incorporated in one of the standard texts used in Red Cross nutrition classes), a measuring device used for expressing food needs and food values was adopted by co-workers in the department of nutrition of Teachers' College, New York City

This device, or unit of measurement, is called a "share." In presenting, for example, the standard nutrition requirements of a boy of 12 years, each of the food requirements, such as calories, protein, iron, Vitamin B1, etc., is expressed in an easily-read graph of the familiar statistical type, giving the number of "shares" of each required.

In a similar graph form, the "shares" of specified foods (1 fresh whole apple, ½ cup of stewed dried apricots, 1 cup of canned tomatoes, or ⅔ of a cup of cooked hot cereal—are pictured or dramatized for anyone to easily grasp and study. In the teaching of these classes, these individual graphs are enlarged, colored and so mounted that they may be handled and seen to advantage in the classroom.

In short, every woman, every mother and every home-maker should realize this: There now remains no uncertainty or disagreement, or lack of unified standards as to exactly what foods should be eaten, and how much of them—given a specified age, sex, or type of mental or physical activity.

If your husband is a postman, he should eat thus-and-thus to keep him fit for his heavy outdoor demands; if, on the other hand, your husband is a clerical office-worker, his needs are something else definite; if Johnny is 12, or Dorothy but 6, then there is a unified, authoritative standard of feeding which should be followed in each case. The only thing is for every woman to inform herself of those standards, understand them—and put her nutrition to work.

And that is exactly where the national and unified teaching efforts of the Red Cross come into the picture. Any woman in a community may join-up and sign for one of these free nutrition courses, which are timed to occupy 10 lessons, at the end of which the pupil receives a Standard Nutrition Certificate.

The teaching is handled only by qualified food experts, who meet certain scholastic requirements, and—remember this no matter where you live, you will receive the same instruction, follow the same outlines, and use the identical textbook. It is difficult to grasp the wonderful spread of food and health information made possible by this standardized plan.

Are we Americans well-fed? The answer to this question at the June congress previously mentioned, was an emphatic: "NO." This comes as an astonishing fact to many of us; but, when we stop to consider the extent of national malnutrition ills and the vast numbers of persons who may be said to "enjoy poor health" practically all of their lives, it is easy to agree that something must be done about our feeding and nutrition in relation to national health and defense efficiency.

Some women take these courses in order to enable them to buy foods more intelligently; others take the work because they wish to know more about planning such balanced meals; still other mothers, who may be free of budget worries, wish the latest facts on feeding their children.

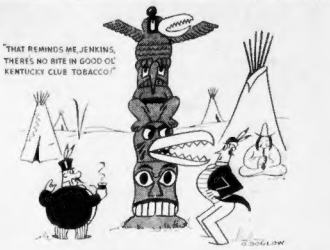
In every community there are different groups, and the instructor makes the work adaptable to the background, experience and needs of the pupils. Much of the informal discussion method is followed; and this is supplemented by trips to local markets and stores, by visits to bakeries, food factories, dairies, or meat-packing plants. In all cases, the idea is followed that people learn best by seeing and doing.

If the community wishes, it may establish what may be called a "Nutrition Information Center" in the public library, the school, or the county courthouse—any place where information may be disseminated and discussed.

No one of us is ever too old to learn, or too well-informed not to be willing and glad to avail himself of new, latest food findings. Even the experts have to keep on their toes these days. With new vitamins being discovered, or new values to familiar vitamins, every woman must make nutrition work in her own family.

There is a Nutrition Course being offered you in your town right now. Join these classes today and put nutrition to work.

MacDuff takes a puff . . . . . by O. Soglow



Never fear, MacDuff consoles,
You needn't scream and bawl so.
Kentucky Club, like totem poles,
Is wholly bite-less also.
I'm stating facts, my boy, not jokes,
You'd better try and note 'em.
Its all-white burley gives you smokes
As docile as a totem.

The burley's "white" . . . it won't bite!

(No better is known for rollin'-your-own)

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Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each such hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address:

ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR,
P. O. Box 191,
Grand Central Annex, New York.

SKINS

Never throw away lemon skins. Bake them in a moderate oven until quite crisp, but not in the least burnt. When cold grate and store in well corked bottle. A pinch in a pudding or cake is a great improvement. One-half teaspoon should be added to veal or fowl dressing. Having it ready for use saves time and trouble at a busy moment.

Mrs. J. C. Petty,
Lowell, Mass.

* * *

STEW

When making stews of any kind, beef, veal or lamb, add 2 tablespoons of barley, when you start the stew. This gives not only a nice flavor but makes the gravy creamy. I also use barley in chicken soup in preference to rice—for the same reason—a creamy smooth gravy.

Mrs. D. L. Hitchcock,
Winfield, Kansas.

* * *

CEREAL

I always make twice the amount of cereal needed for one breakfast. Then I put what's left into a glass jar, pour a little cold water on the top, and store it in the refrigerator to use in a day or two. The water prevents a crust from forming on the top and the cereal doesn't dry out. To use, I pour off the water and heat the cereal with a speck of milk. It's as smooth and tasty as freshly made and saves time in the morning.

Natalie Ribock,
Chelsea, Mass.

* * *

SILHOUETTES

Here is a little hint that might help other women who give little inexpensive card parties. I've always liked the cute illustrations used on the Almanack page, and I finally hit upon a way to use them. I make tally cards by gluing the pictures on folders made of typing paper. Everyone comments on the attractiveness of them.

Mrs. Jack Meehan,
Ventura, California.

* * *

GAYER

Shredded cocoanut dipped into vegetable coloring thinned with water to desired shade will add a holiday touch to your candies, cakes or salads. The cocoanut may be colored, dried and stored for future use.

Mrs. D. L. Hitchcock,
Winfield, Kansas.

* * *

JARS

I found opening a jar with a rubber ring very difficult until I discovered that by laying jar on its side (this is very important) and inserting the tip of a paring knife between the rubber jar ring and the jar (not the cover) air gets in and loosens the seal much faster than when you hold the jar in upright position. With this method the jar cover remains intact and can be used again for canning.

Mrs. J. Forester,
Cleveland, Ohio.

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ZEMO

How to Hold FALSE TEETH More Firmly in Place

Does your dental plate annoy and bother you by rocking and wabbling when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the **alkaline** (non-acid) denture powder, on your plate. This pleasant powder holds false teeth more firmly in place. No gooey, oily, pasty taste or feeling. Mildly **alkaline**, FASTEETH doesn't sour as cause nausea. Also checks gum soreness due to chafing of a loose plate or to excessive acid mouth. Get original **alkaline** FASTEETH at any drug store. Accept no substitute.

ALKALINE DENTAL PLATE POWDER

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THREE DELICIOUS WAYS

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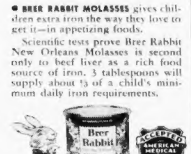

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
HOUSEWIFE'S FOOD ALMANACK

"HOME-COMING RECIPES" FOR CHURCH DINNERS

ONE of the fine old American customs is the "Home Coming" which is held in many church communities, especially in the South. As described by Mrs. R. M. Meares, Largo, Florida, in a letter to the Almanack, "there is a church service in the morning, a picnic lunch about noon and then a business meeting which follows.

"Of course, everybody is invited," she writes, "friends and neighbors and members of neighboring churches. Everyone brings some food along for the picnic, though if they can't, they're just as welcome."

Here is a collection of recipes of the food served on such an occasion. The first is by Mrs. R. M. Meares.

RAISIN CAKE

1 cup raisins
1 cup sugar
1 cup water
4 tablespoons shortening

Stir, cook, and let boil slowly for eight minutes, then cool. Sift together 2 cups flour (make soft batter).

½ teaspoon ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground allspice
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 tablespoon baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
¼ teaspoon salt

Mix with cooked raisins, etc. Cook in oven about 350 degrees, one hour (about). Add candied fruits and nuts, if desired.

* * *

MEAT LOAF

2 pounds ground (or left-over beef)
1 pound ground pork
2 eggs (beaten)
1 onion
1½ cups bread crumbs
½ cup milk
1 cup chopped celery

Salt and pepper to taste. Mix together in order named. Pour into greased pan and bake forty-five minutes.

Mrs. J. G. Blanton,
Clearwater, Fla.

* * *

RAW SALAD

1 tender stalk celery cut small
1 green, sweet pepper (seeded) cut small
½ cucumber (peeled) cut small
2 hard-boiled eggs cut small
2 pimientoes (or 4 tiny radishes) cut small
1 small head lettuce cut in small pieces
3 tablespoons salad dressing
Juice of ½ lemon

Mix lemon juice, and salad dressing, add (scant) ¼ teaspoon salt, then stir entire mixture together. Chill and serve.

Mrs. A. J. Beitler,
Largo, Fla.

* * *

CHICKEN PILAU

1 fat fowl (4½ or 5 pounds)
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tablespoons butter
3 cups rice
Water to cover fowl

Cook fowl until tender and remove meat from bones. Cook rice in large quantity of salt water until tender (not too done). Drain in colander and wash. Mix chicken and rice, add salt and pepper to taste and butter.

Add enough stock to allow to cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Amount of stock depends mostly whether you want your pilau dry or moist.

Mrs. Hugh Coil,
Largo, Fla.

* * *

POTATO SALAD

2 cups cooked diced potatoes
1 cup diced celery
½ cup diced olives and nut meats
2 boiled eggs
About ½ cup mayonnaise
Salt to taste

Sprinkle with paprika and garnish with parsley.

Mrs. Maina Meares,
Largo, Fla.

* * *

BAKED CABBAGE

1½ quarts leftover of head of boiled cabbage
Enough bread crumbs to take up the liquid
2 eggs mixed in: pepper and salt to taste

Cover with slices of boiled bacon or very thin sliced raw bacon. Bake until eggs are cooked.

Miss Mildred Blanton,
Clearwater, Fla.

FIESTA SALAD

APPEALS TO THE EYE AND PALATE TOO

"I AM SENDING you the recipe for my own favorite salad, which I worked out several years ago," writes Mrs. E. E. Lasseter, Houston, Texas. "It is not only delicious, but adds unique beauty to any luncheon or dinner table. While it is simple and easy to prepare, it has the appearance of a chef's creation.

"Arrange crisp lettuce leaves on the number of individual salad plates to be served.

1 No. 2½ can pear halves
1 package cream cheese
4 tablespoons salad dressing
1 pimiento, minced
½ cup nuts, chopped
1 pound firm-meated grapes cut in halves; seeds removed

"Drain the pears. Mix cheese, salad dressing, pimiento, and nuts, filling the pear halves with this mixture. Place one pear, upside down, on each salad plate. Carefully arrange the grape halves on the pears until the entire surface is covered, and it thus resembles a cluster of grapes. A green mint leaf placed as a stem adds beauty. Needless to say, the red or white grape makes the prettiest picture, but if the hostess is able to obtain the large black grape for use in this salad, her popularity as a hostess if not already established, will become tops.

(Mrs. Lasseter, your salad is delicious and lovely. We followed your directions carefully and the result pleased every one who sampled the salad for us. We used the firm black grapes and crisp white chicory and heart lettuce for the salad. One young housekeeper who sampled our salad reports that she served it to her bridge club last week and they voted her refreshments the nicest they had ever had.—Mary Lee Swann.)

One of New York City's Most Popular Bakers in 1774 Was a Mrs. Martha Grownson Who "Signed" With Her Initials Every Cake and Loaf of Bread That She Baked.

BUDGET CAKE

MADE WITHOUT MILK, EGGS OR BUTTER

"HERE is a recipe I have used for years especially when eggs are high priced," writes Mrs. Jane I. Dukes, Los Angeles, California. "It is a milkless, eggless, butterless cake. The recipe was given me by an old neighbor lady when we were homesteaders in Montana.

2 cups brown sugar (or white)
2 cups water
⅔ cup lard
1 package raisins
A pinch of salt (about ¼ teaspoon is better)
½ teaspoon nutmeg
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves

"Boil all the above ingredients together five minutes. Let cool then add 2 teaspoons soda (level) in ½ cup water or coffee, 1 teaspoon baking powder in 4 cups flour. Mix thoroughly (be sure batter is quite stiff) and bake in not too hot oven. I also use it for a pudding. Make a sauce of ½ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, ⅔ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons butter and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg. Mix and boil."

(Mrs. Dukes, we are grateful to you for the cake which we would like to name budget cake. It is easy to make, inexpensive and unbelievably good in flavor and excellent in texture. We baked it in a moderate oven so that it would not brown before getting done.—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book. Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N.Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another, If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

☽	☽	Aspects, Holidays, Notable Food Dates, etc.
1	S	This is the month of Sprats-kale, so called by the ancient Saxons because kale is sprouted at this time. Logical, though!
2	M.	Ground Hog Day. Supposed to have its more weeks of winter if a ground hog or woodchuck sees his shadow today.
3	Tu.	1021. Abdul Ali, Arabian baker discovers that corn may be lighted more quickly if "primed" with gunpowder. Domestic companies don't recommend this.
4	W.	1868. New York hotels introduces banana and cream combination as dessert. Bananas once served as pie filling oranges.
5	Th.	1848. Gold miners of Graeberad, Calif., found heavy rain of gold, so all meat to provide for widows and children of men killed in claim disputes.
6	Fr.	1809. First pineapple brought to Hawaii aboard whaling ship. Ukuleles still unknown.
7	Sa.	1585. Peruvian warriors invent poison gas by burning pepper plants. Peruvian inventors thinking because of shortage of peppers.
8	S	1926. Dr. Hugh Colquhoun successfully demonstrates culinary use of baking powder in Manchester, England.
9	M.	☾ ○ ☾
10	Tu.	1642. Any Bulgarian cook who routes indigestion or stomach ache is now liable to have his head removed and nailed to kitchen roof.
11	W.	1121. A.D. Many nobles of Central America are using rubber plates and cups for their "blowouts".
12	Th.	1809. Abraham Lincoln born.
13	Fr.	☾ ○ ☾.
14	Sa.	St. Valentine's Day. Why not send the boys at training camps some heart-shaped cookies?
15	S	3101 B.C. Egyptian housewives confronted with shortage of pure drinking water.
16	M.	3101 B.C. Unknown Egyptian genius invents beer. Drinking water shortage forgotten.
17	Tu.	1402. Inventor of Ratisbursh, Germany, devises "chewing gum" of hard cheese shaped into marbles. Vendors selling it for about half a cent per ball.
18	W.	1596. Swiss think potato is a rare plant. Oh well, they'll find out.
19	Th.	1291. English women use cut white roses to improve complexions and figures. Wonder who thought that up.
20	Fr.	1771. New drink consisting of half coffee, half cocoa sweetened with syrup instead of sugar becomes popular in Hungary.
21	Sa.	1271. Kublai Khan constructs a dining hall in his palace which will accommodate 6,000 hungry Mongol chieftains at one time.
22	S	1743. Geo. Washington's Birthday first celebrated by dinner given by Comte de Rochambeau, commander of French forces in America.
23	M.	☾ ○ ☾ ○ ☾ ○ ☾.
24	Tu.	1851. Butchers in England forbidden to serve meat in old newspapers. Housewives then must use clean wrapping paper.
25	W.	1174 B.C. Salt butter introduced into Russia—but it wasn't used on bread until 1600 when Peter the Great gave it his o.k.
26	Th.	374 B.C. New traffic law in walled city of Thebes. Of 100 gates to city, 20 are to be reserved for food deliveries.
27	Fr.	1572. French Dauphin offers a pension worth $200 to the originator of every new type of cheese meeting his approval.
28	Sa.	323 B.C. Housewives in Greece protest against law punishing men only for cut spiced food. They got the law repealed, too.

POTATO AND ONION CHOWDER

A MAIN DISH LUNCHEON SUGGESTION

"THIS is a favorite recipe of mine," writes Mrs. Howard Krogman, Saginaw, Michigan. "I prefer using salt pork for it gives the chowder a much better flavor. It is also a very appetizing meal in the winter.

3 tablespoons fat or
4 tablespoons finely chopped salt pork
2 or 3 large mild onions (diced)
¼ cup grated raw carrot
3 cups diced potatoes
Enough boiling water to cover potatoes
1½ teaspoons salt
Pepper (few grains)
3 cups milk

"Cook onions with fat or pork until they begin to brown. Add potatoes, salt, pepper, and boiling water. Boil until potatoes are tender. Add milk. Reheat, stirring milk. Serve ½ tablespoon grated carrot on top of each dish of chowder."

(Your recipe will find many friends among our readers who will agree with us that you deserve a prize. Your chowder is delicious to taste, very easy to prepare, nutritious and is an inexpensive main dish for a cold weather luncheon or supper.—Mary Lee Swann.)

In the 19th Century, Traveling Cossacks Carried Great Iron Stoves With Them, Each Stove Being Slung on Poles Between Two Horses. Sometimes Meals Were Cooked in This Manner While on the March.

OLD FASHIONED BEEF STEW

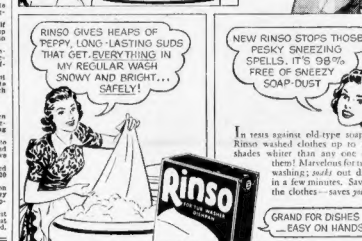
TRY SERVING IT WITH PARSNIPS

"WE FIND this is a good winter meal and hope Almanackers may enjoy it as much as we have," writes Mrs. Frank J. Fleisner, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. "The potatoes may be omitted if so desired, but we find this to be a complete meal in one kettle.

2½ pounds beef steak
2 tablespoons shortening
Salt and pepper to taste
1 medium sized onion
6 large parsnips
6 potatoes

"Brown the meat in the shortening and season with salt and pepper to taste. Add a little water to about cover the meat and slowly simmer for about one-half hour. Then add parsnips and onion. The parsnips are pared and cut into quarters and then into 2-inch pieces. Continue to simmer for another hour and a half or until the meat and parsnips are tender. Add more salt if necessary. Then add potatoes which have been cut into serving pieces."

(Your recipe is good, nutritious and economical, Mrs. Fleisner. While some of our readers may not care for parsnips, others will delight in your Old-Fashioned Beef Stew.—Mary Lee Swann.)



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Especially needed now—for raw weather can dry your skin terribly!

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BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢
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Almanack Echoes

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB-BURGER

Dear Almanack:

I find the Housewife's Food Almanack the most interesting page in The American Weekly, because of the many wonderful recipes, and the delightful illustrations. I am sending a recipe which I concocted today.

We were to have lamb shoulder chops but, instead, received 2½ pounds of neck of lamb in four hunks. For a moment I was stumped, but as it was eleven o'clock and lunch to be served at twelve, I just got to work, and produced two meals. Mary's little lamb-burgers, and a pot of lamb broth. So Mary's little lamb won by a neck! Lunch served on time, and everybody happy and satisfied and the meat costing fifteen cents a pound.

I hope there is room for my recipe if you find it as good as my family did. Yours for better meals for less money!

2½ to 3 pounds neck of lamb
1 small onion
1 small egg
½ cup fine bread crumbs
1 tablespoon fine tapioca
½ cup (about) milk
Salt and pepper to taste

Wash meat, remove outside skin. With a small sharp knife remove meat, run it through chopper, place into bowl, add onion, egg, crumbs and tapioca, and milk. Mix well, form into 6 small cakes, fry brown in butter, cover with hot water, add 1 small onion, 3 carrots sliced. Cover pan and cook three-quarters to one hour. As water cooks away, juice from canned or cooked vegetable may be added. Mashed potato, turnip, peas and salad, completes the meal

* * *

Lamb Broth

The bones of neck of lamb cover with cold water, cook until meat falls off. Strain, remove meat, add to liquid. Add:

½ cup barley
1 large onion
2 or 3 carrots cut up
Parsley, celery, small pieces of turnip or parsnip, peas, soy beans or other vegetables.
Salt and pepper to taste, small can of tomatoes or tomato soup, cook slowly until quite thick.

These two dishes made from less than 50 cents worth of meat.

Mary R. Urbahn,
Charlestown, N. H.

(Mrs. Urbahn, your clever recipes prove the culinary truth of necessity being the mother of invention.—Mary Lee Swann.)

TOAST AND CUSTARD

Dear Almanack:

I suppose all problems have a solution, so I'll tell you about another one I had to solve. When my two children were very small they ate boiled or poached eggs only when I vigorously insisted, and they rebelled against drinking milk. Doubtless many mothers of small children face the same problem, so I wish to pass on to them one recipe which I devised to include both eggs and milk. My children are now 11 and 14 years old, and one of their favorite breakfasts remains:

Toast bread and butter while warm. Into a pan break 2 eggs and beat until frothy. Add 1½ or 2 cups whole milk, 1 or 2 tablespoons sugar, and a pinch of salt. Place on stove and bring to a boil. Remove from fire, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, and pour over toast. My son likes a dash of nutmeg on top of his toast and custard, but my daughter prefers it plain.

Mrs. H. C. Marker,
San Francisco, Calif.

(Mrs. Marker, this is an excellent suggestion for mothers who have the same problem. Did you see the article about various tasty milk drinks for children which appeared here some issues ago?—Mary Lee Swann.)

INDIAN BREAD

Dear Almanack:

My mother was born some 70 years ago in Iowa, among the Indians. There was a tribe that my grandparents were friendly with and as a child I loved to hear my grandmother tell how the Indian chiefs and young braves would come to her house for breakfast and ask her to make this bread for them. The chiefs would not let any of them come to the table to eat unless they washed and combed as the white men did. We call this bread Indian bread. I have made a recipe in a small amount as near as I could from the directions my grandmother and mother gave it as follows:

Use 2 cups of flour, ½ teaspoon of salt, 4 teaspoons of baking powder, mix and add just enough water or milk to make a soft dough. Roll out in small rounds to fit the size of your iron frying pan and make some incisions in top like you would in pie crust only here and there and place in hot frying pan to which has been added a large tablespoon of shortening. Turn fire low until brown on one side then turn and brown on other side, adding more shortening as needed. Serve with butter and syrup. As children we always asked to have this at least twice a week or as often as my mother would make it. To be eaten as biscuits with the butter and syrup.

Mrs. Sadie Fischer,
Flint, Michigan.

(Many thanks, Mrs. Fischer, for your Indian Bread recipe. It is a prize winner.—Mary Lee Swann.)

ALMANACK CHARTS

The following helpful charts will be sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp for each:

18 Almanack Casserole Recipes
21 Almanack Potato Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
21 Almanack Candy Recipes
18 Famous Almanack Recipes
18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
21 New England Recipes
Highlights of Cooking History
Recipes for Successful Picnics
Favorite Mexican Recipes
17 Favorite Pie Recipes
16 Favorite Cake Recipes
15 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
22 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
22 Almanack Preserves Recipes
20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes

Write your name and address plainly.

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FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly, Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Sliced Oranges, Whole Grain Cereal, French Toast, Apple Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Grapes, Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted French Bread, Coffee.	Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Crisped Salt Pork, Fried Apples, Toast, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Cereal, Yeast Buckwheat Cakes, Unsalted Butter, Syrup, Coffee.	Stewed Figs, Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Melba Toast, Milk or Coffee.	Orange and Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Coddled Eggs, Toasted Left-Over Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner (Company)*
Economy Baked Barley, Waldorf Salad, Mayonnaise, Ice-Box Rolls, Old-Fashioned Vinegar Tarts, Tea.	Baked Bean Soup or Potato Chowder, Crisp Rye Wafers, Banana Peanut Salad, Butterscotch Rolls, Cup Custard.	Spaghetti with Sardine Sauce or Economy Baked Oatmeal with Cheese, Green Salad Bowl, Radish, Dressing, Rhubarb Betty, Banana Sauce, Tea.	Toasted Vegetable Club Sandwiches, Fruit Gingerbread with Whipped Cream, Tea with Lemon.	Economy Dried Fish Chowder Crackers, Midget Sweet Pickles, Graham Rolls, Sliced Pineapple.	Boston Baked Beans, Raisin Brown Bread, Cole Slaw, Crisp Rye Wafers, Black Cherries in Cherry Gelatin, Cream, Tea.	Chicken Tetrazzini with Spaghetti Ring, Broccoli with Lemon Butter, Glazed Carrots, Apricot Pickles, Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Vanilla Ice Cream with Frozen Strawberries, Snowball Cakes, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Meatballs Creole, Whipped Potatoes, Stars and Stripes Cole Slaw, Steamed Blueberry Pudding, Creamy Sauce.	Tomato Cocktail, Fricasseed Chicken, Rice Timbales, Glazed Carrots, Green Beans, Green Salad, Celery Seed Dressing, Spread Apple Tarts.	Economy Beef Stew, Browned Potatoes, Raw Carrot Straws, Heart Celery, Prune Souffle.	Sauerkraut Cocktail, Boiled Fresh Beef Tongue, Noodles, Buttered Carrots in Spinach Ring, Orange Chiffon.	Hot Tomato Juice, Fish Loaf, Egg Sauce, Green Asparagus, French-Fried Potatoes, Ice-Box Lemon Cake.	Spiced Grapejuice Cocktail, Baked Pork Shoulder, Mustard Sauce, Scalloped Sweet Potatoes, Dandelion Greens, Apple Roll.	Fruit Salad, Sour Cream Dressing, Cinnamon Toast, Cocoa.

CAN A MARRIED WOMAN EVER FEEL CERTAIN?

Many married women take unnecessary risks with their nerves, health, happiness. Why? Generally because feminine hygiene is considered too personal to be discussed. And so, many women use over-strong solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn, scar and even desensitize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given woman Zonite. So powerful it kills all germs, bacteria at contact. Deodorizes—by actually destroying odors, leaving no telltale odor of its own. Protects personal daintiness. Yet Zonite is non-caustic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern hygienic protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your druggist today.

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RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

SAVING PERSIMMONS

Dear Almanack:

Here is a recipe for drying persimmons that no one I have talked to has ever heard of but should know. A great many may be saved for delicious food—which would otherwise go to waste.

Cut firm ripe fruit with stem and tie a cord, string or fine wire to it. Peel fruit and hang up to dry being very careful that it doesn't touch other fruit or string or it will rot instead of dry. Takes from 8 to 10 weeks and is a combination of a date and persimmon and a candy bar. I hang mine in an unused bedroom upstairs but they could be dried in the upper part of garage or shed.

And—put very ripe persimmons in ice chamber and freeze and you have persimmon sherbet—eat with spoon.

Mrs. Fred A. Geith,
Corona, California

(Mrs. Geith, we are grateful to you for this very fine suggestion and recipe.—The Editor.)

* * *

MY OWN CARROT PICKLES

Dear Almanack:

When tired of carrots in other ways try—boiled sliced carrots in mild vinegar with sugar, cloves and pickling spice added to suit taste. I make turnip pickles the same way. Likewise radishes in summer when there are a lot on hand.

These are original with me.
Olive M. Hurd,
Sebec Sta. Maine

(And a good idea, too, Mrs. Hurd! —Mary Lee Swann.)

HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES 3 ways at same time!

Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A headache disturbs your *nervous system*, with jumpy nerves often goes an *upset stomach*, in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish. Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts *3 ways* at the same time; helps *stop pain, calm nerves, settle stomach*. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer.

BROMO-SELTZER

"Just as it directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3421—A beguiling kiddie outfit...a dainty print frock and a military cape so fine for Spring days! Designed for children's sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6, dress, requires 1¾ yards 35-inch fabric; cape, 1¼ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3422—At Your Service!—this well-groomed shirtwaist frock with a flattering waist yoke and shirt details. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3394—You don't have to count calories if you wear as slim a frock as this! Neck-to-hem panels narrow your silhouette. Designed for women's sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3396—Lovely, aren't they! You'll find endless uses for these filet crochet doilies in three sizes. They'll beautify your luncheon table or buffet—make exquisite center pieces, too. Begin yours now and have them ready for Spring! Pattern 3396 contains directions and charts for doilies; illustrations of them and stitches; material requirements.

PRICE OF EACH PATTERN 15c EACH
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TRY THIS NEW FULL FLAVOR WAY TO FIX "HAM 'N' SWEETS"—THEY'RE WONDERFUL!

Make these Ham and Sweet Potato Balls today —you'll get bushels of praise!

"HAM 'N' SWEETS" and spicy seasonings sealed in a crispy golden crust. Fry 'em with Spry and get the FULL flavor.

2 cups mashed sweet potatoes
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups cooked ham, cut in ¼-inch cubes
1 cup cornflakes, crushed

Combine sweet potatoes, salt, cloves and mustard. Add eggs and mix thoroughly. Add ham and mix thoroughly. Shape into balls. Roll in cornflakes. Fry in deep hot Spry (375° F.) until brown. (A piece of bread browns in 1 minute at this temperature.)

Serves 6 and what a hit they'll make! Everyone loves "ham 'n' sweets" and they're extra good this way, for purer Spry lets you get their FULL, entering flavor instead of dulling it as ordinary shortenings may.

Bake with Spry, too. Spry cakes are marvelous—so light, tender, FULL flavored. They're money-savers, too. Spry costs just about *half* what expensive cake shortening does! Change to Spry today for *all* baking and frying—hear the compliments you get!

THE FLAVOR SAVER

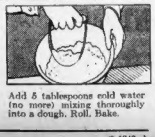
WANT PASTRY BOTH FLAKY AND TENDER? MAKE IT SPRY'S EASY 2-STEP WAY

Here's all you do for a 2-crust pie

Mix 2¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Measure out ¾ cup Spry and divide into two equal parts.

STEP 1 FOR TENDERNESS
Cut in first half of Spry until fine as meal. This makes the crust *tender*.

STEP 2 FOR FLAKINESS
Cut in rest of Spry until particles are size of large peas. Makes crust *flaky*.



Add 3 tablespoons cold water (no more) mixing thoroughly into a dough. Roll, Bake.

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